Saturday Review

DECEMBER 20, 1958 / 25¢

THE FILM: SURVEY OF THE CRAFT AND ITS PROBLEMS

Melina Mercouri plays Katerina, prototype of Mary Magdalene in "He Who Must Die." *(SEE MOVIES)*

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
363 GROVE ST
PASADENA CALIF

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANNOUNCING

A new concept in Economic Reporting on the Nation and the World

by the COMMITTEE FOR ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT and SATURDAY REVIEW on January 17, 1959

A MILESTONE in magazine publishing in this country will be reached in the Annual Business Issue of the Saturday Review to be published on January 17th as the result of a special arrangement with the Committee for Economic Development.

Consisting of leaders in business, finance, research and education, the CED is concerned with strengthening the American economy in a free world as part of a stable and lasting peace. The national weekly will make available to a wide audience the full impact of special presentations to this notable group that has contributed so much to our economic progress.

In the issue of January 17, the *Saturday Review* will publish *exclusively* the reports presented to the recent all-day conference in Washington of the Board of Trustees of the CED dealing comprehensively and authoritatively with the problems and challenges of the free world at home and abroad. The issue will provide an amazing array of sound and trustworthy facts and opinion of incalculable value in the formation of future programs to build a stronger America.

Saturday Review

25 WEST 45TH STREET • NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

The Theme:

The Long-Run Challenge to the American Economy: Prosperity and Stability at Home and Communist Economic Competition Abroad.

The Contributors:

DONALD K. DAVID
Former dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, now vice-chairman of the Ford Foundation and chairman of CED

T. V. HOUSER
Former chairman of Sears, Roebuck, now chairman of CED Research and Policy Committee

THEODORE O. YNTEMA
Vice-president-finance of the Ford Motor Company

ROBERT NATHAN
Americans for Democratic Action, economic consultant

MEYER KESTENBAUM
President of Hart, Schaffner & Marx

BEARDSLEY RUML
Economic adviser

ALLEN WALLIS
Dean of the Business School, University of Chicago

MARION B. FOLSOM
Former Secretary of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, and former Under Secretary of the Treasury, now a director of Eastman Kodak

THEODORE W. SCHULTZ
Chairman of Economics Department, University of Chicago

THOMAS D. CABOT
President of Godfrey L. Cabot & Co., former president of the United Fruit Company

EMILIO G. COLLADO
Treasurer, Standard Oil (New Jersey)

HOWARD C. PETERSEN
President of Fidelity-Philadelphia Trust Company

JACOB VINER
Professor of Economics, Princeton University

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTHUR KNIGHT'S

The Liveliest Art

A Panoramic History of the Movies

". . . an analytical, well-written and intelligently planned updating of the history of the film, done with compassion for the medium and a grasp of its intricacies . . . a volume that not only reads well, but is crammed with the kind of information that is indispensable to any student . . . of the motion picture . . . a 'must' for industrytes' bookshelves."
—*Variety*

Illustrated $7.50

The Macmillan Company
60 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 11, N.Y.

ORDER NOW!

Because a heavy demand is anticipated for *SR*'s unusual January 17th issue—see opposite page—it is strongly recommended that business executives, government officials, educators, community leaders, communicators and other interested readers order now the extra copies they will want before the necessarily limited supply is exhausted.

Prices for additional copies:

1 to 25: 25 cents per copy.
26 to 100: 20 cents per copy.
101 to 500: 18 cents per copy.
501 and up: 15 cents per copy.

Remittance should accompany all orders—no billing.

Saturday Review
Dept. CED
25 West 45th Street
New York 36, N. Y.

Saturday Review

DECEMBER 20, 1958

Cover Photograph: Kassler Films

SR/IDEAS

6 The Film: Survey of the Craft and Its Problems, by Hollis Alpert and Arthur Knight
15 Samuel Hopkins Adams: 1871-1958, by Serrell Hillman
26 The Plight of the Southern Liberal: An Editorial

SR/BOOKS

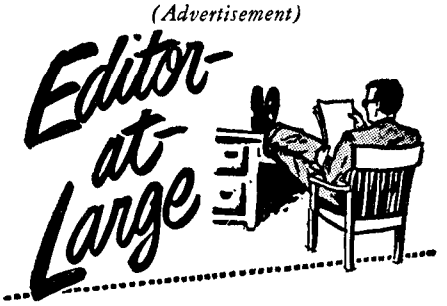
9 Agee on Film, by James Agee; Seen Any Good Movies Lately? by William Zinsser
16 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks comments at length on the short story
17 Modigliani: Man and Myth, by Jeanne Modigliani
18 My Life in Art, by Ludwig Bemelmans
19 The Wide Span of Current Religious Reading: Five Books of Faith
22 The Incomparable Proof of Man's Triumphant Spirit: Three Books of Compassion
23 The Bone Pickers, by Al Dewlen
24 Manuel the Mexican, by Carlo Coccioli

SR/DEPARTMENTS

4 Trade Winds
14 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Hollis Alpert applauds the cover picture
24 Literary I.Q.
25 Literary Crypt
27 Letters to the Editor
28 Phoenix Nest
29 Books for Young People
31 Broadway Postscript: Henry Hewes reviews the disenchanted, the "beat," and R&H
33 TV and Radio: Gilbert Seldes considers television's "Fortunes"
34 Booked for Travel: Horace Sutton watches the Berlin crisis from Room 1125
39 Music to My Ears: Irving Kolodin hears a Balanchine Jubilee
43 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1291

The SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulation. Vol. XLI. No. 51. December 20, 1958. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952 at the Post Office in New York, N. Y. with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers Guide to Periodical Literature."
© 1958 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article, without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America.

(Advertisement)



This is being written shortly before Thanksgiving on the assumption it will be read shortly before Christmas.

I am confident that by the time it appears my Christmas shopping will be done, gifts wrapped and mailed, and even the annual donations—to the milkman, garbage man, newspaper boy, butcher and the rest—taken care of. I am also sure you will be in the same happy state.

Therefore, while our friends rush around frantically, bewailing the fact they didn't have our foresight, we can sit back and relax with a good, light, easy-reading book, one that can be put down as seasonal social pressures heighten, picked up when they start to taper off.

One such book, which I recommend to you, is William Zinsser's "Seen Any Good Movies Lately?" Zinsser, until recently was the New York *Herald Tribune's* movie critic. Now that he has retired to the editorial page, he has made, in a most amusing way, a report of what he learned from watching what used to be known as "the silver screen," but is now called by a variety of names (not all of them complimentary) since it has become too wide for the eye to take in at a single glance.

It's a good book to read, and, if, by any mischance, you haven't been able to get to your own shopping, it is an excellent last-minute (or first-minute, if you're really late) gift for just about anybody on your list.

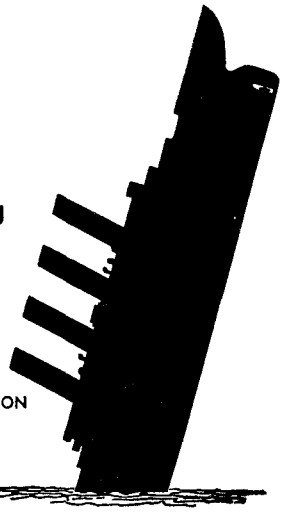
Anyway, Merry Christmas.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Seen Any Good Movies Lately?", ($3.95) by William K. Zinsser, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, two of which are located in New York City's Grand Central Terminal.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You've never, never, never seen anything so titanic before!



THE RANK ORGANIZATION presents

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

starring
KENNETH MORE
from the book by Walter Lord
Screenplay by Eric Ambler
Produced by William MacQuitty
Directed by Ray Baker

A NEW MOTION PICTURE
Never Before Seen On Screen Or Television!

ORDER TICKETS NOW
By Mail Or At Box-Office

ALL SEATS RESERVED
Children (under 12) ½ price at all times
Every evening at 8:45 P.M.___Mats. Wed., Sat., Sun. & Hols. at 2:30 and Christmas Week (Dec. 26-29-30 Jan. 2)___Every Sat. and Lincoln's Birthday (Feb.12) at 11 A.M.___Extra show every Sun. at 5:30 P.M., Special show New Year's Eve at midnight.
PRICES:
Wed. mats.: Sat. & Hols. at 11 A.M. Orch. & Loge $1.80 / Balc. $1.50___Special Christmas Week Matinees Orch. & Loge $1.80 / Balc.$1.50___Sat., Sun. & Hols. at 2:30; Sun at 5:30; and Eves. Sun. thru Thurs. Orch. & Loge $2.50 / Balc. $1.80___Fri., Sat. & Hol. Eves. & Midnight show New Year's Eve. Orch. & Loge $3.00/Balc. $2.40. All prices include tax.

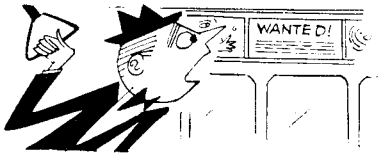
CRITERION THEATRE
B'way & 45th St. JUdson 2-1795-6

CRITERION THEATRE
Broadway & 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.
Please send_____adult tickets at $_____
and_____children tickets at $_____
for Mat. 11 A. M. ☐ _____ Eve. 5:30 P. M. ☐
for Mat 2:30 P. M. ☐ _____ Eve. 8:45 P. M. ☐
Alternate dates_____
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
(Please Print Name and Address Clearly)
CITY_____ZONE_____STATE_____
Enclose check or money order (no stamps) payable to CRITERION THEATRE addressed to BOX-OFFICE with self-addressed and stamped envelope. SR-1

For theatre parties and groups phone JUdson 2-2950 Ext. 13.
Special considerations and accommodations given.

TRADE Winds

STRAPHANGERS in Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, and other cities in that part of the country have been reading the display-advertisements in buses with more than the usual avid-



ity. It's not that they are particularly looking for what kind of toothpaste or savings bank to use, but that they are hoping to find another Crazy Ad. A Crazy Ad is just that—a screwy one that is sandwiched in among the legit ones, the idea being to make the riders read them all. For instance:

WANTED
Clerk-cellist, with side burns. Must have own airplane and speak fluent Danish. Prefer art collector who is not afraid to go out and meet people. Old established firm. Write Bell Prods., 501 Fifth Avenue, NYC.

Or you're apt to see a Crazy Ad which calls for a man with experience to sell "Stradivarius-like violins." Or you can find a nice bathroom for rent, with "private entrance. Fully equipped including hi-fi and telephone. Plenty of hot water. Near bus stop. Prefer Ivy League type."

The crazy fellow behind the ads is Alan Abel, whose only problems have been (1) thinking up new copy, (2) keeping up with orders, (3) replacing Crazy Ads that are stolen by admirers, and (4) answering letters from a few folks who take them seriously, as they did the display headed "Business Opportunity. Make money at home like we do. Raise and sell your own squid . . ."

Abel is busy trying to convince the right people to put Crazy Ads in the New York subways. He's already got the first one picked out:

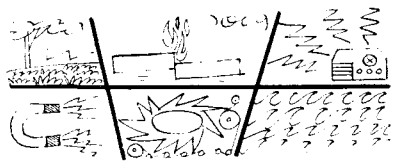
MONEY! MONEY! MONEY! We've got what you want. Borrow up to $82.50. Your word is as good as cash! No credit references; no security; not even your own signature required. We deduct each week from your salary until the sum you need has accumulated with our Mr. Briggs.

WITH THE DEATH of Charles F. Kettering we lose a great man who never lost his curiosity, even during what some of us might have labeled "old age." He was never afraid of failure, and he always said that the only time you mustn't fail is the last time you try. He criticized the general American fear of failure. From the time a youngster enters school, Ket said, he is made to feel that if he flunks anything it's awful. By the time he gets out into the world, he is so afraid of failure that he doesn't want to try anything with the slightest risk. He said, "Youngsters must learn how to fail intelligently. After each failure, analyze it to find out why. Every failure is a step towards success."

Kettering is well known for having established the foundation at Antioch College where they study chlorophyll and photosynthesis and try to answer Ket's six questions. His genius led to such developments as the self-starter, harmless refrigerants, the Diesel locomotive, the electric cash-register, the high-compression engine, an auto super-fuel, ethyl gasoline. But he was still curious, ar wanted the answers to these six questions which he thought up long before anyone else took them very seriously:

1. Why is the grass green?
2. How does friction cause heat?
3. How can we transmit power by radio waves?
4. Why does a magnet work?
5. How can we harness the sun's limitless energy?
6. How can we mine the resources of the sea?

NOBODY HAS described so graphically, I believe, the utter depravity of the American merchant marine in the mid-1920s as has Leland Frederick Cooley in "The Run for Home" (Doubleday). This is a fictionalized account of Cooley's own experiences when he shipped out as a young ma on a freighter bound from the Wes Coast to Pacific ports. The truth is there, though, of the miserable conditions in the fo'c'sle, of the seaman at the mercy of a brutal bosun, of depraved crew members, of helpless



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

officers, and of an indifferent shipowner. No better case for the rise of the unions could be presented.

Still, "The Run for Home" is a love story and a fine sea story. It is frank in all respects, and it doesn't hide the fact that the sea still offers the greatest adventures for boy or man. I suppose you could call it a documentary novel. It covers only a small section of Lee Cooley's life. He has also punched cattle, mined for gold, announced fights, foreign corresponded, and produced television shows. When he was an assistant movie director years ago, he sneaked himself into a motion picture called "Swing High, Swing Low," and you can catch him in among Fred MacMurray, Carole Lombard, and Dorothy Lamour, where he plays a night-club master of ceremonies for about thirty seconds.

For six years Cooley was Perry Como's writer-producer-director. After he left that assignment, he found time to write a novel about a handsome young Italian-American barber who becomes a big-time singer. When I recall the truth about the merchant marine, I am not surprised to hear Cooley tell me that the novel is in the safe. "We're holding off for awhile," he smiles. "Of course, it isn't about Perry. It's really a completely fictionalized novel based on four other singers. But I wouldn't want to do anything to hurt Perry's feelings. He's such a nice guy."

Something tells me they'll find out why grass is green before *that* book comes out.

I WAS WRONG, Al Latham points out. People who plant bombs *do* call up and give warning. It happened only a few weeks ago in Columbus, Ohio, and it shows how alertness pays off. The first anonymous call came at 8:45 p.m. to police headquarters.

"Ma'am, there is a bomb in a cannon on the Courthouse lawn," said the mysterious voice.

Mrs. Evelyn Petty, the operator, replied firmly that there is no cannon on the Courthouse lawn. That is the way to deal with a bombster; he hung up in confusion. But he was persistent, and he called again in twenty minutes with the same warning. This time Mrs. Petty passed the information along to the police dispatcher, and he sent four radio cruisers to the Statehouse, where there *is* a cannon on the lawn. Sure enough, there was the bomb inside the barrel. Detective Sergeant Reeder reached in and pulled it out.

The sergeant then called attention to the two wires leading from one little bundle to a six-inch-long package. He then threw the device to the ground, according to *The Columbus Dispatch,* whence comes all this information. There was little chance of the bomb being alive, police told the crowd of interested spectators who crowded around the area, which was not roped off. However, Lt. Brochu of the Fort Hayes Ordnance Detachment disarmed the infernal machine and said it could have exploded.

"It would have cracked the cannon," he noted, with the modern soldier's contempt for conventional weapons.

Corporal Valentine of the State Highway Patrol then concluded that the bomb scare was a prank. Police arrested a suspicious character at the scene. He was a fifty-year-old man who started to walk away when he was ordered to halt. With good reason, too, for he was intoxicated. He knew nothing about a bomb. He was placed in jail.

WHAT EMPLOYES and employers really think about office Christmas parties is found in the results of two surveys by the National Office Management Association and the Dartnell Corporation. Nearly 40 per cent of the persons questioned don't like the event. About fifty of the 592 party-giving firms interviewed said that they have to make attendance compulsory. Those opposed to the party said that it's a source of dissatisfaction and dissension.

"If spouses are invited," one company declared, "single people object. If spouses aren't invited, *they* object."

Another complaint was that the office Yule affair is anti-social, that it is sheer torture for wallflowers. Most employers objected to the drinking on these occasions, as well as the expense, which can come as high as $12 a head. It sounds to me like one of these things where no one wants an office party, but no one has the nerve to abolish the custom.

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1290)

Ida Fasel:
YEAR AFTER YEAR

Year after year I rediscover
Known things, same things, over and over.

Routine is glory ever green—
As at this time of year, who love
The tree, the star, the carols, prove,

. . . and who rejoice
To hear those old, old words again:
"Peace on Earth, good will to men."

THE *moving and splendid story of a self-effacing man who, having had grandeur thrust upon him, then won greatness for himself*

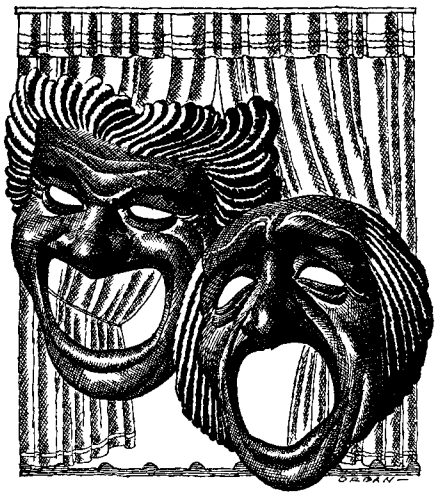
KING GEORGE VI HIS LIFE AND REIGN

by J. W. Wheeler-Bennett, author of *The Nemesis of Power.* 24 pages of photographs, 4 in full color $10.00

ST MARTIN'S

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review
DECEMBER 20, 1958



THE FILM

Survey of the Craft and Its Problems

IT'S hard to build a survey around the theme of "transition," one of those overworked, mindnumbing concepts like "challenge" or "revolution" with which for years overexcited publicists have battered the head of the American public. What isn't in a state of transition? The world political picture, the Republican and Democratic Parties, commercial and non-commercial television, stocks and bonds—all of them in transition all the time.

Nonetheless, it remains true that the contemporary business of movie-making is very conspicuously in a condition of transition, that almost nothing which was characteristic of the film-industry in 1948 characterizes it today—and like all passengers on board ships in distress, the managers of the film-industry are not so much captains of their "transition" as fellow-orphans of the storm. Hollywood is no longer Hollywood: the center of financial gravity has long since moved to Eastern banking circles, and shooting centers have mostly moved out of Culver City and the San Fernando Valley to on-the-spot locations from Little America to the Zambesi. Nor do the presidents of the studios these days resemble quasi-comic Simon Legrees in charge of giant talent-plantations; more than 50 per cent of the movies, and considerably more than 50 per cent of the important movies, made in 1958 were produced by independents.

But some things don't change. There are still no shortages of monsters, hyperthyroid shouters and stompers, and high-school "junk" gangs. These are the staple "C" items that have always been with us, that more-or-less sustain millions of moviegoers without, probably, doing them as much harm as critics fear. And the popular taste can still provide a shock or two for the unwary calculator: "The Bridge on the River Kwai" made a huge gross of $20 million in its first twelve months of distribution; but equally grandiose and far-trumpeted creations like "The Big Country," "The Old Man and the Sea," and "Roots of Heaven" are not coming through at the box-office. Third, popular is definitely still the right word for the movies; 50 million people go out each week to see a new movie, another 50 million sit home watching old ones on TV seven nights a week—a grand total of 400 million movies per week, an average of three for every man, woman, child, and baby in the nation.

One final, unchanging consideration: Technique. Particular techniques can and must change all the time, but the need for Technique never changes. Movies are a form of drama; movies have been made that are such beautiful and compelling artistic experiences that generations of men and women, all over the world, have rejoiced their whole lives long in them. The future holds many more great movies; we hope the supply never runs out. But superb movies, even just good movies, are constructed, like all works of art, by means of a master-command of mechanics: in the case of movie-making, the moving of actors around in front of lenses; working together cameras, microphones, lights, and stagings; the integration of the directing, acting, writing, and editing crafts into a unified end-product. These are th fixed skills which, fitted with tender loving care, combine into the esthetics of a movie; and it is with these skills, which no "transition" can wither, that SR concerns itself in this 1958 Hollywood number.

HOLLIS ALPERT.
ARTHUR KNIGHT.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1. The Lost Art of Editing

By ARTHUR KNIGHT

IN THE heyday of the silent film V. I. Pudovkin, the great Russian director, could write that "editing is the creative force of filmic reality" and the "foundation of film art." Nor did his claims seem excessive. From the earliest days of the movies right up to the coming of sound, the greatest advances, the greatest refinements in the art of film-making lay in the discovery of new functions for the cut, new relationships and effects made possible by cutting. From a simple utilitarian device for the joining together of two strips of film shot at different times and places, editing became a subject of often violently conflicting theory and a matter of sharply distinctive national and personal styles.

Perhaps the greatest discovery of silent days was the fact that, through editing, one could construct a new, purely filmic time, a filmic geography, a filmic reality. D. W. Griffith, that instinctive genius of the American cinema, was the first to experiment with the implications of cutting. (In those days, the director was his own editor.) Coming to movies from the theatre, he seems to have sensed almost at once the differences between the two media and to have done all in his power to emphasize that gulf. He proceeded to eliminate from his films what can only be called stage business, the process of getting characters in and out of a scene; with the cut, he could concentrate wholly on significant action, then switch immediately to the next dramatic highpoint. By ignoring real time, by concentrating on essentials, Griffith achieved the enormous compression that remains one of the most distinctive elements of film art.

Conversely, some years later Sergei Eisenstein demonstrated that, through creative cutting—*montage*, he called it—it was possible to *expand* film time to correspond to our psychological awareness of time. To give proper dramatic weight to the bloody massacre on the Odessa steps in his film "Potemkin," for example, Eisenstein translated the three or four minutes it might have taken to clear the steps in actuality into twelve panic-ridden minutes of screen time by breaking down the scene into its component parts—the steady march of the Cossacks down the steps, groups and individuals caught in the line of fire. By cutting back and forth, following a woman with a dead child as she climbed defiantly up to the very muzzles of the Cossack rifles, following a huddle of elderly men and women pleading on their knees for mercy, a legless cripple propelling himself from terrace to terrace, a young matron caught in an agony of indecision as she tries to shield her baby from the withering fire—by intercutting all of these and more with the measured tread of the Cossacks, Eisenstein not only built out the sequence in time value but also underscored the impact of this horror upon the people caught up in it.

PUDOVKIN records an arresting early experiment in the creation of a "filmic geography," a brief sequence consisting of five shots in which two young people meet and enter a building together. For the purposes of the experiment, however, the shots were deliberately taken at widely separated locations. The young man walks from left to right near Gogol's monument; the girl walks from right to left near another Moscow building; the two meet and shake hands in front of the Bolshoi Theatre, and the man points; there is a shot of the White House taken from an American film; and then the two walk together up a flight of stairs in St. Saviour's Cathedral, Moscow. "By the process of junction of pieces of celluloid," Pudovkin goes on to say, "appeared a new, filmic space without existence in reality. Buildings separated by a distance of thousands of miles were concentrated to a space that could be covered by a few paces of the actors." The process is perfectly visible even today, when actors on the back lot of a Hollywood studio gaze into space and the following shot tells us whether they are looking at the pyramids, the Taj Mahal, the Washington Monument, or Marilyn Monroe.

It was this relationship of shot to shot, hit upon by Griffith, that most fascinated the Russian directors of the Twenties and led them to base their art upon the editing function. Lev Kuleshov, who had conducted the earlier experiment with filmic geography, went on to explore the precise nature of the carry-over from one shot to the next. In an equally famous experiment, he obtained an absolutely expressionless close-up of the actor Ivan Mozhukhin, then intercut this with shots of a plate of soup, a little girl playing with a teddy-bear, and a woman dead in her coffin. By placing these at various points in a specially prepared reel, he found that he could make the same expressionless close-up convey feelings of hunger, joy, and sorrow. The audience's emotional associations with the soup, the little girl, and the dead woman were read into Mozhukhin's "performance." The point was not lost on directors elsewhere. By the astute manipulation of similar emotion-charged objects—a gun, a glass of champagne, an overflowing ashtray—many a star of the silent era was transformed into an actor.

Pudovkin referred to this theory of editing as "brick by brick," laying together shot on shot to produce a steadily mounting effect. Eisenstein countered with a theory of "shock attractions" based, at least in part, upon his study of Japanese pictogram writing. He pointed out that when the Japanese combined their hieroglyph for "door" with the hieroglyph for "ear" to produce the idea of "listening," they were in fact doing exactly what the film editor does when he brings together two strips of film. Moreover, what arises from this juxtaposition is a totally new concept, one that is related to, but qualitatively different from, the images that formed it. In "Potemkin," for example, Eisenstein cuts quickly from a shot of a Cossack slashing

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH (1875-1948), often called "the father of the movies," brought the medium from infancy through adolescence. Entering films in 1907, he experimented with editing, camera, and lighting, developed a whole new style of acting for motion pictures. His "Birth of a Nation" (1915) established the film as a potent art form. Griffith remained a top director until the dawn of the sound era, when changing tastes and techniques forced him to the sidelines. His last film, "The Struggle" (1931), was considered too weak for general release. He died in Hollywood in 1948, ill, impoverished, and all but forgotten by the world.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The "Odessa Steps" sequence from S. M. Eisenstein's "Potemkin" (1925) has been called "an editor's handbook." Its two climactic shots cut together a Cossack slashing with his sabre and the close-up of a bloodied woman, epitomizing the horror of the massacre.

with his sabre to a huge close-up of a woman with her glasses smashed and blood streaming down her face. Although nothing of the kind has actually been shown to us, the implication is clearly that the Cossack has slashed the woman. Again, directors the world over were quick to perceive how this could be applied to their own work.

No less important than cutting as an associative device, however, was its use to create physiological tensions in the audience. And here again the film-makers are indebted to the genius of Griffith. As early as 1909 he had discovered the excitement of the last-minute rescue, cutting from a mother and her beleaguered family to the ruffians trying to force their way into their home, and then switching to father and the police on their way to apprehend the villains. Will they arrive in time? In order to increase the suspense, Griffith fragmented each scene. There were several shots of mother and the children, several shots of the villains forcing the door, several shots of father on the road. Griffith found that by intercutting them, turning quickly from one to the other—and by making each shot progressively shorter—he could build an accelerating tempo, sweeping the audience along with him until that inevitable moment when mother and children were clasped unharmed to father's bosom.

In subsequent films, Griffith was to experiment further with this technique. His ride of the Klans at the climax of "The Birth of a Nation" was perhaps the first revelation of the full power of editing to create a rhythm on the screen. In "Intolerance," four separate stories from four separate eras were woven together at the editing bench; and in its last two reels, to quote Iris Barry, "all history seems to pour like a cataract across the screen." In "Broken Blossoms," the mounting hysteria of Lillian Gish locked in a closet by her brutal father is conveyed as much through the tempo of the cutting as through the performance of Miss Gish herself. In this same film, Griffith also suggested through editing the bitter-sweet love idyll of a Limehouse slavey (Miss Gish) and a dreamy-eyed Oriental (Richard Barthlemess). Here, however, the shots remained longer on the screen, producing a slower, almost languid tempo. By the alternation of such long, slow scenes with short, quick bursts of action-filled images, Griffith learned he could convey the varying moods of his picture to his audience in rhythms as infectious and affecting as the rhythms of music. And directors everywhere profited by his example.

By the mid-Twenties, as the silent film approached its apogee, it was fairly well understood that the exposed celluloid—whether shot in a studio or on location, whether fictional or documentary—was merely the raw material out of which the final picture would then be composed. And the composer was the editor. He brought the film to life, giving it form, rhythm, dynamics. He could create impressions, ideas, accents that never before existed. He could color scenes, characters, situations by the adroit manipulation of his shots. He could even alter completely the story line of the scenario through his own structuring of scenes and sequences. Out of the bits and pieces that poured from the camera, he constructed a new reality—a reality that existed only through the relations of shot to shot as he ordered them in his cutting room.

The coming of sound changed all that. Sound added to the films a new dimension of reality, liberating the medium from the awkward convention of the subtitle, but chaining it to the literal reproduction of words, noises, and music. Film editors found that the almost limitless shot combinations possible in silent days had now been sharply reduced. Most of the footage turned over to them consisted of big-head close-ups of actors mouthing lines; even in the more distant group shots it was generally impossible to ignore the lip-synchronized dialogue. Instead of building a scene, their problem became rather one of piecing a scene together from master-shots, long-shots, mid-shots, two-shots, close-ups, various cover-shots, and inserts. Dialogue not only imposed the necessity of longer, less dynamic "takes," it also dictated to the editor a fairly precise kind of reaction shot. If John says, "I love you, Mary," the next shot would pretty well have to be one of Mary bursting into a smile—and almost certainly in close-up at that.

AS TIME went by, and both the directors and their editors became more adept in the techniques of sound, some of the mobility of the silent film returned. Cutting as a means of punctuation—a close-up for a high-point, the cut-away to emphasize a revealing detail, rhythmic cutting for a musical or a silent sequence—returned to the medium. But the addition of color and, particularly, the introduction of wide screens have enormously complicated all film-making procedures, and editing not the least. The wide screens created a break with the past almost as complete as sound itself. When CinemaScope was introduced, Twen-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tieth Century-Fox officials gloated that it would "eliminate the need for closeups," thus effecting a great saving in production time. But close-ups, it soon became evident, were still very much needed. The problem for the editors to solve was how to jump from a long-shot that was literally big as all outdoors to a close-shot of Victor Mature. Simply cutting to the close-up, although frequently resorted to, invariably produces a jolting, unnatural effect; while cutting from close-up to close-up, as when two characters are in conversation, is almost intolerable to watch. The viewer feels that he is being physically flung around.

The wide screens, brought in to counter the small screens in the parlor, have made the medium turgid and dull. Ironically, just when the industry is most anxious to get the public excited and involved in films once more, we are faced with these remote giants stalking interminably across block-long expanses of Technicolor. Clearly, the techniques for editing wide-screen movies have yet to be evolved. (The techniques of present-day screen editors are admirably illustrated in two films recently prepared by American Cinema Editors, Inc., the screen editors' guild. Both are available in 16 mm from American Cinema Editors, 6772 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.)

WHAT is happening, though, is that skilled and experienced directors, men like William Wyler and George Stevens, are sitting down with their pictures once shooting has been completed and spending months working their way through the new problems of cutting for the wide screen. Wyler has already demonstrated in "The Big Country" that this kind of care can produce a superior movie, while elsewhere in this issue George Stevens explains some of his solutions as applied to "The Diary of Anne Frank." Unfortunately, Mr. Stevens is confined here to words and stills, whereas the heart of editing is the piecing together of *moving* pictures. But it is the directors who must make their pictures move. They must see in each shot, even as they are making it, not only its effectiveness within itself, but the possible relationships and combinations that can be created when that shot is juxtaposed to another. Only then can tracking shots, zooming shots, pans, and all the rest produce the tempos, the rhythms, the dynamism that bring a film alive.

If nothing else, the wide screens are bringing directors back to the editing rooms. And this is all to the good, for it was at the editing bench that the art of the film began.

Tales of Two Critics

***"Agee on Film," by James Agee** (McDowell, Obolensky. 432 pp. $6), and **"Seen Any Good Movies Lately?," by William Zinsser** (Doubleday. 240 pp. $3.95), between them offer the motion-picture public some of the pithiest observations extant on the unsilent screen.*

By Arthur Knight

IT MAY be ungenerous to say so, but one of the few faults I have to find with "Agee on Film" is the overgenerosity of its anonymous editor. James Agee, for almost ten years a film critic for *Time* and *The Nation*, achieved posthumous fame through his novel, "A Death in the Family." To those who knew his critical writings during the Forties, however, this fame seemed long past due. He was superbly intelligent, informed, sensitive, witty; and he could write like an angel. He was the best movie critic this country has ever had.

But as anyone knows who has ever tried to offer some commentary on the incessant stream of pictures that flows across our screens, most movies are as transitory and insubstantial as clouds. It is, of course, quite possible to write something meaningful about the most trivial of them; and this extensive collection of Agee's reviews reveals how often—and how well—he has done so. On the other hand, not even Agee could resist the temptation to dismiss with a withering one-line wisecrack a picture that bored him, or stirred his deep resentment.

It is the presence of so many of these fleeting references to mercifully forgotten films that mars the effectiveness of this book. Every word—or practically every word—that he wrote for *The Nation* has been reproduced intact, including errors, subsequent apologies for those errors, and explanations of why he hadn't gotten around to reviewing the picture that is reviewed under the very next dateline. The result is a collection of writings that often seem too trivial and transient for hard covers.

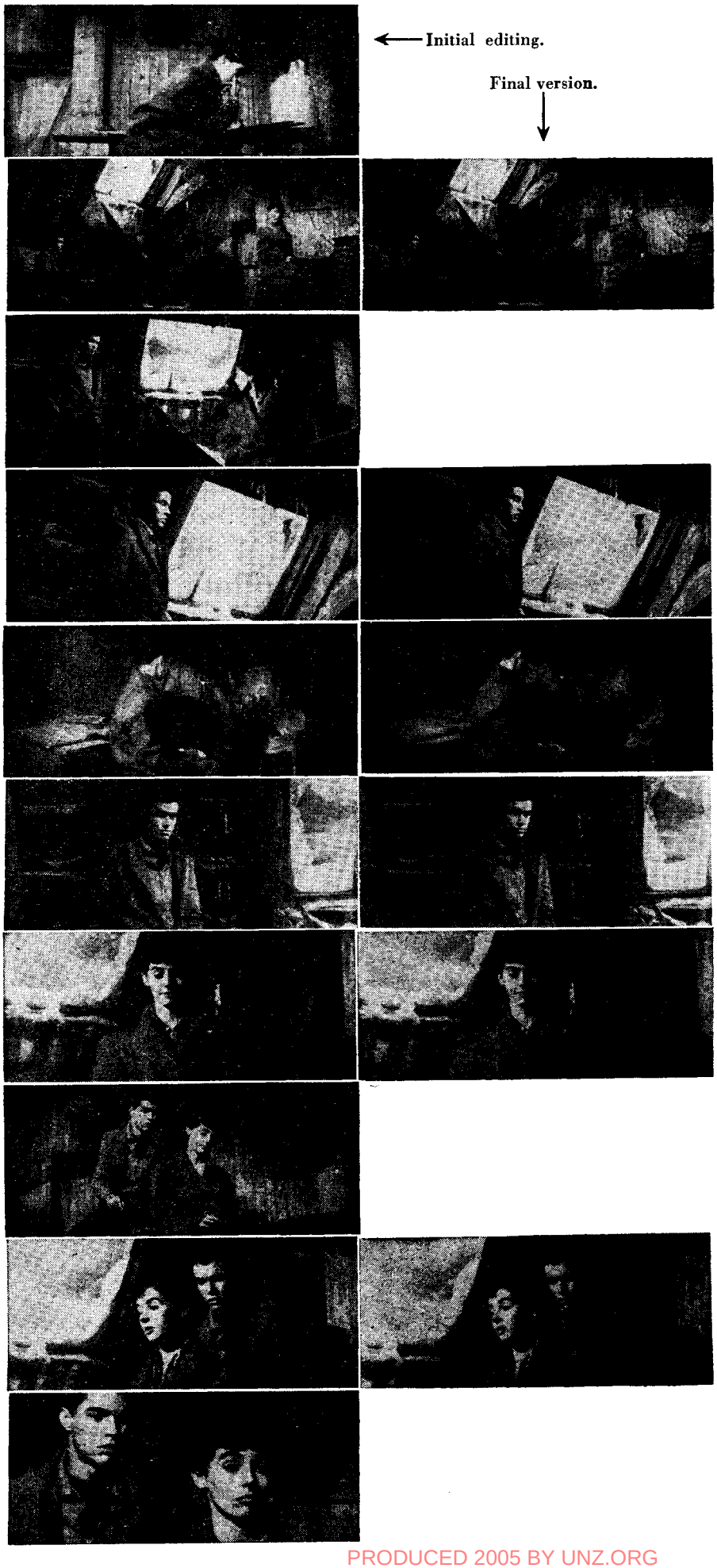
The well-remembered nuggets are still there, however: Agee's perceptive, three-part eulogy of Chaplin's "Monsieur Verdoux," his hotly defensive obituary on D. W. Griffith, his insights into film as a propaganda medium and political weapon in his reviews of "Mission to Moscow" and the wartime documentaries. A briefer selection of his *Time* reviews (selected by what standards, one wonders), a tribute to John Huston that first appeared in *Life*, a pair of fugitive pieces for two "little magazines," and his eloquent evocation of the golden era of silent comedy, also from *Life*, complete the book. Altogether, it is an impressive collection, but its impressiveness might well have been enhanced by a less reticent hand on the editorial shears.

WILLIAM ZINSSER, until recently the film critic for the *New York Herald Tribune*, has not resorted to his daily reviews to fill out "Seen Any Good Movies Lately?" It is instead a sort of amiable pastiche—parodies of typical movie formula plots, a mocking, ironic account of a red-carpeted trip to the movie capital, chatter about the strange (and often idiotic) movieland concepts of stars, publicity, advertising, and exploitation. Clearly, Mr. Zinsser saw a lot of movies—and saw through both them and their makers. Only in his final chapter does he grow serious, when he discusses the pressures that studios bring to bear on publications to force favorable reviews.

James Agee.

William Zinsser.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



2. The Cutting Floor

GEORGE STEVENS is one of Hollywood's most expensive directors. He is also one of Hollywood's most sought-after directors This apparent paradox is readily explained away by the fact that his meticulously produced pictures—"A Place in the Sun," "Shane," "Giant"—invariably make money for their studios. Stevens is also one of the industry's most respected figures, as artist, technician, and man. He is famous for the pains he takes to have each of his films as perfect as possible before it leaves his hands, regardless of the amount of time involved. Not only are there months of careful preplanning before a single camera turns, not only are his shooting schedules invariably among the most generous in Hollywood, but once shooting has been completed it is Stevens's practice to retire to the cutting room and spend additional months—over a year on "Giant"—in tightening, balancing, and polishing until what appears on the screen is the purest distillation of all that has gone before.

Currently, Stevens is at work on "The Diary of Anne Frank," based in part on the Goodrich and Hackett play, in part upon the diary itself. Shooting began last March and continued for about three months. His first CinemaScope film, Stevens ordered built for it a complete replica of the house in Amsterdam in which the Frank family hid out for almost two years—five stories from street to attic. "I wanted to have to think out every camera set-up and angle," he said at the time. "Working in CinemaScope with stage material, it would have been too easy to fall into theatrical techniques on any ordinary sound stage."

The film, originally scheduled for a Christmas release, is still in the process of being edited. (Easter is its current release date.) Nevertheless, Mr. Stevens has consented to give *SR* readers a "sneak preview" in the form of a behind-the-scenes glimpse into editing procedures. Reproduced on these pages are frames from a brief sequence in "Diary." Each frame has been drawn from a single shot, lasting from a few seconds to a minute or more of screen time. In the initial editing, twenty of these shots made up the sequence; in the final editing, these were reduced to twelve. In the process some dialogue was eliminated, eight shots were dropped, and one was rearranged. While a still frame can scarcely suggest the tempo or the movement of camera and performers in each shot (film races through the projectors at the rate of twenty-four

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

frames per second), the relationship of shot to shot and the tightening achieved by editing is immediately visible.

George Stevens, Jr., his father's colleague, adds, "Several of these shots are continuations of an earlier angle in which the camera has panned or the characters have moved. For example, numbers 2 and 17 are the same setup—2 being the beginning, 17 being the end of a particular take. This is also true of numbers 1 and 8. In the case of numbers 4 and 13, the scene starts on number 4 and pans over with the boy to include the view seen in number 13. . . . If you find this too confusing, I'm sure your Double-Crostic Department will be delighted with it."

IN THE sequence immediately preceding, Anne (Milly Perkins) has had an argument with her parents and runs to the attic. As the new sequence starts, Anne is joined by Peter (Richard Beymer), the son of the family that shares the refuge with the Franks, and the first shy friendship dawns between them. In (9) Anne says in part, "We're still trying to find out. . . . We have problems here that no other people of our age have ever had." The cut that follows eliminates some lines of dialogue about the two of them missing their school, while (13) and (14) have been transposed to permit a smoother dialogue transition to cover the cut. (15), the shot of the skylight, includes action of Peter draping a tarpaulin over it to shut out the snow, an action that carries over into (17). Peter exits from (19), leaving Anne alone before the cut to (20), a large close-up of Anne. The next sequence dissolves in over this shot.

The dissolve is another favored editorial technique, the process of starting one scene over the last few feet of the shot before. As used by most editors, it takes the place of the curtain in the theatre. It indicates that a scene has ended in one locale and another is about to begin somewhere else. Frequently it also suggests a lapse of time, that hours or days have passed between the last scene and the next. For Stevens, however, the dissolve has an additional value. In "Place in the Sun" and "Giant," and now again in "Diary of Anne Frank," he often prolongs the dissolve, "freezing" the final frames for several feet so that, in the scene illustrated here, the last close-up of Anne is physically projected into the action of the next sequence. As a result, even though Anne is not actually present in the scene herself, her spirit hovers over it in a peculiarly filmic way. It is an instance of creative, rather than purely functional film editing. —A. K.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3. The Director's Way

By MARK ROBSON, *director of "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness."*

A FEW weeks ago I saw a television show dealing with science. The audience was told that we are all being bombarded by cosmic particles—solid particles—that continually smash into us and rearrange our molecular structures. We were told this doesn't destroy us in any way—except once in a great while, when something untoward happens—but that it is a natural condition of our lives. We were told that scientists are now trying to control all this, to harness it, and to make use of what could be a source of benefit for us all.

And just as the scientist is trying to make use of the cosmic bombardment, and to harness it for our benefit, so the motion-picture director, in my opinion, tries, or should try, to do exactly the same thing with the intangible bombardment of feeling to which we are all constantly subjected: harness it, make use of it.

• • •

SINCE 1945 the motion-picture industry has been caught up in a great wave of discovery. Techniques have been developed and expanded after the atrophy of the war years. Hour after hour, film theoreticians have been discussing camera angles, cutting, film music, the relationship of the camera to the story, movement from left to right, movement from right to left, long shots, montages, etc., but for some reason the great directors like Wyler, Stevens, McCarey, and Ford don't seem to be involved. They go their way sticking to the simple and to the pure. Why? Because technique is not as important as one might think. By this I mean that the more experienced men know something very deep and basic about film making: the truth lies in the story and in the emotion between the actors; it does not rest in the techniques, which can become ends in themselves. Techniques are merely another way of presenting something two-dimensionally. But the unseen emotion within a story is three-dimensional—it is from this that meaning arises.

• • •

RECENTLY we have been carried away by "scopes"—we have CinemaScope, WarnerScope, MetroScope, this scope and that scope, but the scope that we should be paying more and more attention to, as film frame expands and changes, is the "microscope." We should be getting smaller and deeper in our penetration as the screen becomes wider and higher.

It doesn't matter what the size of the screen is. The size of the film is determined only by the ideas within it, and the feelings that surround these ideas. If the scene is well directed from the point of view of its feelings, the camera can be set down, forgotten, and allowed to record. The scene can be beautiful. If, later, the director, in the cutting room, wishes to emphasize a line here, a response there, by intercutting between the actors, so much the better.

• • •

WHEN I was first starting as a director, I went to one of the producers at a major studio and asked to direct one of his films. He told me that he was considering someone else: a man who was a wizard with a camera, who was famous for putting the camera on the crane and moving all over the set. I told the producer that, though I didn't care to do that kind of work, I *could* direct people, and that this was the most important part of the function of the director. But I wasn't able to convince him. That producer and that same director are no longer employed in the motion picture industry.

• • •

I HAVE always felt we get some of our greatest value not from the panorama, but from the close-up. It is here that film is unique as a medium of entertainment. We have all seen fires or floods, or armies in battle, or storms, or great visual events. But the camera can also point out to us the beauty and the excitement of simple things—and the human face is one of these things, perhaps the greatest of them. Highlighted and emphasized, its interaction with the enormous forces of life makes these forces have meaning for us. The close-up is the cornerstone of greatness in film.

It is in the close-up that the director controls, as the scientist does, the emotions with which he wants to bombard his audience. It is in intercutting between two people in a scene that he can reach his greatest moments. Even when the people are static visually, the operation of the director's third dimension is at work. And when it is at work properly, across the screen from one face to another, emotions bolt between the poles of the actors, charging the audience with reaction and with feeling.

• • •

I WOULD like to give a word of encouragement to young people who might want to become directors. If you think you can direct, and if you can work with people, with actors, let nothing stand in your way. Techniques are of minor importance in comparison with this. Don't worry about film emulsion or lighting; don't worry about lenses and angles; this you will learn. Concern yourself with having the inner meanings of your characters come out into the open.

THE ACTOR'S SAY: I have no quarrel with the finely made "big" picture. My deep, growing dissatisfaction is with the thinking that is now using bigness as a yardstick, and which finds its major pride in the size of grosses. It is the same kind of thinking that regards a picture which costs $1 million to make inferior to a $5 million picture, and the $5 million picture inferior to the $10 million picture. It is the kind of thinking that makes it impossible for an artist of the integrity and courage of Laurence Olivier to produce a film version of "Macbeth" on the grounds that it has no box-office potential.

Hollywood has a reservoir of picture-making talent deeper and fuller than any in the world. And it is an unfortunate irony that the blockbuster formula directly reflects the elements which today, more than ever, dominate our work—the bankers, the Wall Street brokers, business investors. These groups not only sit on the boards of the various film companies, but they control heavy blocks of stock. As businessmen determined to safeguard their investments, and solely interested in the black figures represented by a yearly profit statement, their approach to film-making is as coldly realistic as the making of iceboxes.

In the final analysis, it is *they* who are calling the turn on *what* Hollywood should make, *by* whom, and *with* whom.

—RICHARD WIDMARK.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

4. The Independent's Progress

By MAX E. YOUNGSTEIN, *vice-president, United Artists.*

IN less than a decade the independent producer has grown from a kind of fringe phenomenon of the film business to an equal of the great studios. In 1951 independent production accounted for less than 1 per cent of Hollywood's total output; in this year 1958 more than 50 per cent of the total number of films will be independently made. And how great the growth will be in the future is something that cannot now be predicted.

The independent idea is not new. United Artists has been financing and distributing only independent productions for almost forty years. There always have been giants functioning as independents, men such as Cecil B. DeMille, Samuel Goldwyn, and a few others. Qualitatively their endeavors were very important, but the number of pictures they turned out was far too few to affect the course of the industry.

The real Independent Revolution (and it is nothing less than that) was born out of Hollywood's most difficult period, approximately seven and a half years ago. The government anti-trust decree of 1949 deprived most of the major studios of their theatre chains and the benefits and assured markets which came with them. Television, very much the novelty, was changing the entertainment habits of the whole country. There were other matters for concern, but the end result was that movie attendance dropped almost 50 per cent during the period.

When this downward trend was really at a high point of acceleration, a new management group took over the reins at United Artists. Although I can, because of my relationship to United Artists, be accused of being a special pleader, the facts, nevertheless, are that in 1951 under this new management United Artists, which distributed only independent pictures, began to move forward by obtaining proper financing, new manpower, and slowly but surely attracting some of the best talent in the creative end of our business. This was not an easy thing to do. Banks were very hesitant about lending money for independent productions. It was felt, however, that in spite of all of the obstacles there were certain advantages which, once explained clearly to the craftsmen of our industry, would quickly revitalize the whole field of independent production. We found, in our combined experiences, that the craftsman, whether he be producer, director, actor, or writer, had always in the back of his mind one or more projects to which he was dedicated, in which he believed both artistically and commercially, and which, for one reason or another, he could not make under the method of studio operation then in effect. I am referring, of course, to the one-man studio czar system. We felt that instead of one-man autonomy it might be possible to attract dozens of top creative talents so that all of these brains would be working on pictures which would be much more varied in their content than any one major studio can turn out.

What was offered to the craftsman was complete creative autonomy, once certain basic financial and content elements were agreed upon. By that I literally mean that once subject-matter, major cast, director, and budget were mutually settled, the motion-picture maker went out and made the film. Our company never saw any rushes, never interfered with the making of the picture.

In addition, we were able to offer the craftsman a partnership in the true meaning of the word. When you make a picture as an independent producer, you share in a substantial percentage of the profits. This is, of course, a tremendous incentive particularly when it is coupled with the tax benefits that result from a properly organized corporation which can take advantage of a capital-tax situation. In offering creative autonomy, partnership in profits, plus tax benefits, we were appealing basically to a combination of pride, ego, and the desire for greater financial gain.

How well have these methods worked? Here are the financial facts: In 1951 United Artists did a worldwide gross of approximately $19,000,000. In 1957, in spite of the general downward trend in the industry, United Artists exceeded $70,000,000 in world gross, and as of the date I write this it appears quite certain that we will pass $80,000,000 for the year 1958. Our success has also been on the artistic level. In 1957 the Academy Award winning picture was an independent production, "The Bridge on the River Kwai." In 1956 it was an independent production, "Around the World in Eighty Days." In 1955 it was an independent production, "Marty." Here are pictures of extremely different content, but which in every instance had behind them the bold determination of one or more dedicated persons.

The independent producer has struck out into previously forbidden areas. Men like Otto Preminger, by his successful fight on "The Moon Is Blue" and "The Man with the Golden Arm," helped to modify the motion-picture code so that it was more in line with the actual level of intelligence of the worldwide audience rather than the hypothetical twelve-year-old who historically, and frequently hysterically, shaped the content of our motion pictures.

THERE are, of course, some disadvantages to independent production. Frequently we hear of important books, plays, and screenplays which we would like to acquire but which we have no right to assign to a particular independent producer. Sometimes it takes us weeks to locate the producer who might be interested, and the opportunity to acquire the literary property is lost. The studios can, in many instances, purchase the property for themselves and then assign it to one of their staff producers or, if necessary, hold it for future production. Studios can, if they have foresight, run training schools for young actors and actresses and develop them over periods of years. This is very difficult for an independent producer to do.

Summing up, the most important aspect of the Independent Revolution is that it has struck out into new fields and helps supply the motion-picture public with pictures which otherwise would never be made. The growth of the independent producer means that the day of the craftsman is arriving. Nothing can be more important than to have the craftsman achieve a position of authority in the motion-picture business.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

A Greek Passion

PROBABLY the most interesting director to emerge in France during the last few years is an American, Jules Dassin, who for the past six years has been settled in Paris. Dassin had been a screenwriter and also a director of American films, among them the not completely successful "Brute Force," and "The Naked City." His forte appeared to be violence, and this he demonstrated strikingly in his first French movie, "Rififi," which caught on here more successfully than any French film in recent years with the exception of one or two Bardot exposures. But "Rififi" was a bag of tricks compared to Dassin's second French movie, **"He Who Must Die,"** an exceedingly vivid adaptation (by Dassin and Ben Barzman) of "The Greek Passion," a novel by the late Nikos Kazantzakis, who died last year and who was generally acknowledged to be the most important Greek writer of this century. Kazantzakis is the author of the famous "Zorba the Greek" (a film script of which has just been prepared by Enrico Pratt, the versatile Italian film maker) and of "The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel," published here last week.

Meanwhile, "He Who Must Die" has turned out to be a distinguished film; it has already won the French equivalent of the Academy Award, and has brought distinction to the French film industry and, of course, to Dassin, who filmed it on the island of Crete under those difficult conditions which now seem commonplace in the making of something unusual. The title Kazantzakis gave his book pretty much gives the idea away. It involves one of the most popular of all questions: what would happen if Christ were to reappear on earth in our own time? The answer Kazantzakis found to the question he presumably asked of himself might seem cynical and less than profound if one were not familiar with the story he fashioned. His answer was that He would be crucified again. This modern Passion occurs on the island of Crete in the year 1921, A.D., and a marvelous, haunting parallel is formed between the events as related in the New Testament and the events that occur during one week in the town of Lycovrissi, then still under Turkish dominion.

It is the custom in the town, during Holy Week, to hold a passion play, and the head of the village church, Pope Grigoris (having obtained the permission of the Turkish governor, the Agha, to repeat the custom), chooses the villagers who will portray the figures in the Passion. One is Manolios, a stammering shepherd. He is informed that he will play Jesus, and will wear the crown of thorns. John, Peter, Mary Magdalene, and Judas are also chosen from among the villagers. It isn't long before the town receives a firm lesson in Christian action. The survivors of another village, decimated and burned out by a Turkish massacre, appear on the scene, led by their Pope, Fotis, asking for help in finding food and shelter. They have come a long way, and they are all but starving. Lycovrissi has, however, always gotten along well with its Turkish occupiers. The town is prosperous and thriving, and its Pope sees only menace in the newcomers. He drives them off, tells his own villagers that they bear cholera with them, and the wanderers settle on a nearby mountainside, a rocky place where it appears they will all shortly starve to death.

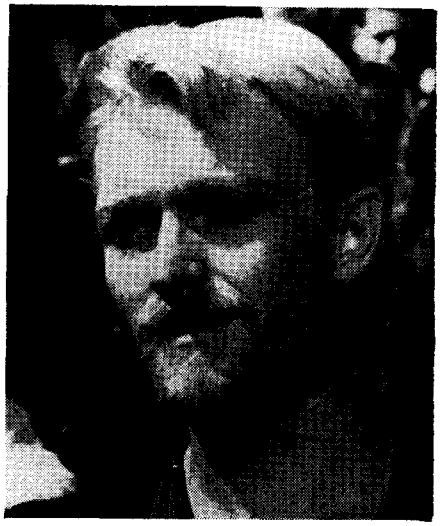
The sophisticated Agha, who adheres to what he feels is a much pleasanter religion, watches what then develops between the Christians, resolved not to interfere, yet chosen, unknowingly, for a role that another governor played nearly 2,000 years ago. The villagers who are to play the Passion are the first to be affected by the plight of the strangers and, having shown compassion, their saintly characters begin to develop. If, however, the story were an altogether close parallel to the New Testament tale it might merely have seemed a clever reconstruction. As it is, the conflict between the strangers and the villagers has its own vitality, is moving in its own right, and the older story serves to shed an illumination on what progresses. The parallels are there, but they are made with a certain amount of finesse.

Manolios is not nailed to a cross, not in this advanced day and age, but he has his Passion nevertheless. Katerina has her regeneration, not unlike that of the Magdalene, whose role has been given to her. Pannayotaros becomes a Judas in actuality (the type is not unknown in modern history); and Lukas and Michelis become counterparts of the Apostles. But while it is remarkable that a story so close to one that is perhaps the most familiar story among the actualities and legends of Western mankind can be so affecting in this new and humble setting, perhaps more remarkable is that the meaning of the Kazantzakis story is not so much religious as it is moral. It points ou that the value of the Christian religion does not reside in its symbols and dogmas, but in its ethic. Man is responsible for his own kind.

Dassin's direction of the tale is remarkably mobile, especially so when one considers the difficulties under which he worked. Crete is hardly a modern place, and movie-making is a matter of modern technology. The equipment had to be brought there. What was there already was the stark setting and the faces of the natives. The faces are used among the right settings, and they are caught, almost off guard, in the movingly human scenes. The major members of the cast, with a few exceptions, were French. The Pope Fotis of Jean Servais is a strong portrait; his opposition, Pope Grigoris, is played with frightening strength by Fernand Ledoux, who has been traditionally the villain in French movies. The Manolios of Pierre Vaneck has appropriate simplicity, and many other faces are haunting in their rightness: the Judas of Roger Hanin, the Agha of Gregoire Aslan, and the vital Katerina of Melina Mercouri, who has been seen here before in a Greek film, "Stella."

There is a momentary jar in the idea of these simple and rugged Greek villagers speaking French, but the force of the movie quickly seizes one. For the acting is eloquent and unstrained, the message is clear and affecting, and everyone involved has obviously worked with sincerity. The movie will focus more attention on the work of Kazantzakis, and it serves as a most fitting memorial to him.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.



Pierre Vaneck—"New Testament parallel."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS: 1871-1958

By SERRELL HILLMAN

A FRIEND recently observed of Samuel Hopkins Adams: "He was around so long that at least three generations were able to remember him while they were his contemporaries."

When Adams died a few weeks ago, at eighty-seven, he had been a practicing writer for more than seventy years. This must be close to a record for longevity in American letters. He began at sixteen, as Hamilton College correspondent for *The New York Tribune*. After finishing college—where he won the poetry prize and played on Hamilton's first football team—Adams went to New York and for nine years was a reporter on the *Sun*. Then he turned to magazine work and became famous as one of the original muckrakers. His series in *Collier's* on patent medicine frauds helped to bring about the Pure Food and Drugs Act.

Adams started churning out scores of books—novels, short stories, biographies. His work usually reflected the interests and trends of the periods in which they were written. Some of his novels were best-sellers—"The Gorgeous Hussy," "The Harvey Girls," "Canal Town." Seventeen were converted into movies, including that once-shocking novel of the jazz age, "Flaming Youth," which Adams wrote under the pseudonym of Warner Fabian. ("I knew it was a book that could make a helluva lot of money," he once said, "but I didn't want my own name on it.") His short story "Night Bus" became the movie "It Happened One Night."

Adams's versatility was amazing. He was an authority on early New York state history and used his knowledge to good effect in many of his books. Three years ago his "Grandfather Stories," a series of reminiscences about his own grandfather from Rochester, became a best-seller. He wrote children's books for Random House's Landmark Series, among them "The Erie Canal." (One day Adams was discussing the song "My Mule Sal and the Erie Canal" with a seven-year-old. The boy questioned Adams's accuracy in reporting the song title and Adams snapped: "I've known that song and the Erie Canal a helluva lot longer than you have.") He wrote "Incredible Era," indisputably the best book on Warren Harding and his administration. Later he wrote so candid a biography of his cantankerous friend Alexander Woollcott that the apprehensive Booth Tarkington estate refused to let him do a book about the late Indiana novelist. When Adams died, he had finished a novel, "Tenderloin," concerning the turn-of-century New York he knew so well.

In his long career, Adams became a part of literary history. He was always an active participant; he knew many of the major writers who appeared during his lifetime and gave constant encouragement to young authors. Yet Adams did not make literary history. Of his vast output, "Incredible Era" is probably the one major accomplishment. Adams, a man of no illusions, knew that as a writer he was a near-miss. He cheerfully described himself as "a professional hack." He wrote, he once said, "like a reporter—for pay." He had nothing but contempt for the self-pity which he thought damaged so many current writers and was exemplified for him by William Faulkner's letter accepting the Nobel Prize. "Certainly writing is work," he told an interviewer last summer. "Hard work. But so is any craft. I rewrite everything at least three times. But painful? For a writer to pity himself—to indicate that writing is painful—is hypocritical. It's a darned pose." Adams wrote as a plumber plumbs and a designer designs—to earn a living. He wrote for a market and he wrote well for it because he was a canny craftsman. His greatest pleasure in writing successfully was the opportunity it gave him to provide lavish hospitality to his friends.

Adams had many thousands of readers; he had almost as many friends. Few writers of this or any time have been so widely liked. Adams was constantly surrounded by admirers. Many were distinguished authors, publishers, and actors; even more were people who were totally unknown and had little if any interest in literature. For the last twenty years, as age and increasing infirmity crept up on Adams, scores of friends made regular pilgrimages to see him—at his winter home in Beaufort, South Carolina or at his summer home, Wide Waters, near Auburn, New York, built by his minister father in 1886. The theory always expressed was that "Sam may not be with us much longer." Adams gleefully outlasted many of these anxious friends.

HE WAS a tiny man with a face like a dried fig, sparse white hair, and a childish, high-pitched voice. He was an amusing and startling contrast to his second wife, Jane, a former actress who towered regally and heavily over him. Mrs. Adams—who died a few years ago—dominated any gathering at which she appeared. When Adams's biography of Woollcott appeared, he gave a party at the Hotel Seymour in New York to celebrate the occasion. Typically, he invited more of his old Auburn friends than Manhattan celebrities. Mrs. Adams sat majestically in a large chair and held court, autocratically summoning guests to her and then dismissing them in two or three minutes. Adams was the forgotten man at his own party. He dashed about his hotel room, serving food and drink, as his witty but imperious wife barked orders at him. Finally he could stand no more. With a martini pitcher in one hand and sandwiches in the other, he stopped short in the center of the room and squeaked: "Don't you keep saying 'Sam! Sam! Sam!'"

For Adams, a day that didn't include parties was a day lost. He was as generous a guest as he was a host. He was a fine, salty conversationalist

(*Continued on page* 37)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LITERARY HORIZONS

The Art of the Short Story

By Granville Hicks

NOVELS, even—I might say especially—good novels, rarely receive the critical attention they deserve, and short stories in magazines naturally fare worse. That is why anthologies such as **"The Best American Short Stories 1958,"** edited by Martha Foley and David Burnett (Houghton Mifflin, $4), are important: they offer a second chance. Whether the twenty-one stories in the volume are really the very best that appeared in 1957 doesn't matter much; they are carefully selected, many of them chosen from periodicals that aren't widely read, and they are all worth thinking about.

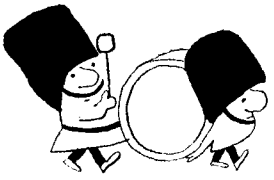
"Stanford Short Stories 1958," edited by Wallace Stegner and Richard Scowcroft (Stanford University Press, $2.95), is a different sort of anthology, since its contributors are all associated with the Stanford University Creative Writing Center. However, it should not be assumed that these writers are amateurs. Robin White, who has two short stories in this volume, has one in the Foley-Burnett collection. Dan Jacobson, also represented with two stories, is known as a novelist. Other contributors have appeared in reputable magazines. And at least two of the beginners—James Spencer and David Dow—have written excellent stories.

The short story has been and can be many things. For a long time plot has not counted heavily in the more serious sort of short story, and now character, though important, is more often a means to an end than an end in itself. More and more commonly, the end is an emotional experience for the reader. Both events and characters are used to create a specific emotion and, at the climax, to provide a release for it.

Two of the stories in the Foley-Burnett volume are simple but immensely effective examples of the lyric short story. James Agee's "The Waiting" begins when a woman is called to the telephone and told that her husband has been hurt in an automobile accident, and the story consists of a straightforward account of what the woman does and says in the next hour, while she is waiting to learn what has happened. The suspense becomes almost as unendurable for the reader as it is for Mary Follett, even though the reader is convinced, just as Mary is in her heart, that Jay Follett is dead. For the reader, as momentarily for Mary, there is a release when the fear is confirmed.

Shirley Ann Grau's "Hunter's Home" is also dominated by a single emotion—in this instance grief. For four days a man has been looking for his son, who is lost in a swamp, and at last he has given up, thus inviting his wife's scorn. Like Agee, Miss Grau offers an unadorned record of words and deeds, the bare details taking on more and more significance until the reader feels deeply the grief of the bereaved mother and father. Release comes for the reader when the conviction is driven home that there is no release for the parents, that there is nothing for them to do but to live with their sorrow.

James Baldwin's "Sonny's Blues" is a more complicated sort of story. Here the emotion is not sustained throughout but is evoked at the end to provide the climax. The narrator talks about his younger brother's addiction to drugs, moving back and forth in time to sketch the family situation in which Sonny has grown up. The unwary reader might assume that this is a problem story, to be resolved when Sonny either triumphantly breaks the habit or irrevocably succumbs to it, but that is not at all what Baldwin has in mind. The conclusion comes when the narrator, hearing Sonny play with a jazz band, is so intensely moved that he achieves a true understanding of his brother. The reader, too, comes by emotion to insight.



In each of the three stories I have been talking about the reader enters sympathetically into the emotions of the characters. Flannery O'Connor's "A View of the Woods" has a different kind of emotional impact. The greedy, mean-minded old man and the granddaughter who is so much like him are seen from the outset as repulsive creatures, and disgust deepens into terror as the suddenly developing conflict between them more and more fully reveals their degradation. The reader knows what they are feeling, but what he feels is a shuddering horror at the evil in the world.

Short story writers are not limited to the more somber emotions. Jean Stafford's "A Reasonable Facsimile" is a charming comedy, with a fine central character, who is developed by way of the circumstantial details of which Miss Stafford is so fond. But we discover that all we have come to know about Dr. Bohrmann is simply to prepare us to feel what he feels when young Henry Medley intrudes upon him. His exasperation is scarcely an heroic emotion, but we completely sympathize with it even while we find it amusing.

In the stories by Agee and Miss Grau the resolution is implied in the theme, but in most short stories something happens to give the reader the release he must have. What happens must, of course, be consistent with the facts we have been given and must be appropriate to the prevailing emotional tone. Miss Stafford's comic use of a cat to get rid of Henry Medley and Miss O'Connor's gruesome description of a physical battle between the old man and the little girl are equally right. On the other hand, Richard Wright's "Big, Black, Good Man," although it is strikingly successful in its suggestion of irrational fear, is spoiled by the introduction of a not quite credible occurrence to provide the resolution.

I have commented on these few stories at some length rather than touch inadequately on all the stories in the book. Many of the other stories are excellent, particularly those by Paul Bowles, Robie Macauley, and Richard Thurman. Jean McCord, a newcomer, has a nice study of frustration, and Anthony Ostroff develops a delicate kind of pathos. Ray Bradbury writes an ingenious fantasy; George Bradshaw's story has a plot with a twist, old-fashioned but nice; Dorothy Parker does a fine character study. In short, there is a healthy variety. I am most impressed, however, by the stories, some of which I have been analyzing, that have a lyric quality.

That quality is what most of the stories in the Stanford anthology try for but not many of them make the grade. The sympathetic reader, by an effort, can convince himself that he is feeling what he ought to feel, but he is not put under the kind of spell from which he can't escape. The stories are full of interest, but they are not really compelling. There is nothing surprising about this, for successful short story writers in the lyric vein are as rare as good lyric poets. But when this kind of story is good—and there are a half dozen fine examples in the Foley-Burnett book—it calls for both humble meditation and loud enthusiasm.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTISTS

In a Ledger Is Placed a Legend

"Modigliani: Man and Myth," by Jeanne Modigliani; *translated by Esther R. Clifford; (Orion Press. 116 pp. $7.50), is a dispassionate portrait of the artist by his daughter. Her contribution to our understanding of him is assessed by Frederick S. Wight, director of the Art Galleries at the University of California.*

By Frederick S. Wight

THIS is an important book for all those who are interested in Modigliani. Written by his daughter, it sets out to destroy the Modigliani myth, and to put the artist on a fact and photograph basis. The author did not, of course, know her father: he and her mother, Jeanne Hébuterne, died when she was a year old, and her approach is mercifully objective and unsentimental. She gets off to a good start in dealing with the Modigliani family in Leghorn that brought her up. Her "adopted mother," Modigliani's older sister Margherita, comes through as a dubious witness; her grandmother, the artist's mother, looms as the important figure in his life, the one stable personality among an assortment of neurotic and intelligent individuals. Isaac Garsin, the artist's grandfather, was civilized if disorganized, and he made a precocious companion of his gifted grandson. Altogether the family was at once sufficiently special and disturbed to account for such a portent as they presented to the world. These figures appear in the round.

We see illness and talent marking Modigliani, his adolescence branding him permanently; but the author is cool and sober in her comments on his temperament. Nothing is concealed, or speciously accounted for, and she leans over backward to withhold sympathy. She is determined "to make an inventory of the things we do not know . . . that I may open the way for subsequent and more decisive research." Yet she believes that "a complete and well-documented biography of Modigliani does not, and never will exist."

Her first effort is to establish Modigliani as a young artist feeling his way while he is still studying in Florence and Venice. She relates him to his teacher Fattori, and to the mannerist sculptor Tino di Camaino. He read Nietzsche and D'Annunzio; his mother gave him the "Ballad of Reading Gaol." Pre-Raphaelites were to influence him; it is all very turn-of-the-century.

An even balance is held between Modigliani the Italian painter and the Modigliani made in Paris. Commenting on the school of Paris, the author notes that "the originality of all of them comes precisely from their having grafted onto the cultural life of Paris the elements that had gone into their development, whether Italian, Russian, or German"; she might have added, Spanish.

With this myth of sudden emergence scotched, we are made aware that Modigliani did not destroy his early work, nor did he suddenly give up painting for sculpture, or abandon sculpture for painting. Apparently he wanted to be a sculptor, found the going too rough, and came back to painting reinforced by all that sculpture had given him. But all the while he was both sculptor and painter, like so many artists who do not seem an example of romantic conflict on that account. The author's effort to help date his work through external evidence is altogether admirable.

A good deal is made of myth-dispelling; but the reviewer can attest that myth hovers over Modigliani, and a peculiarly unscrupulous romanticism assails those who knew him, writers among them, who should have had more compunction. Modigliani seems to have given some meaning and vitality to the lives that he touched: and he left behind him, too, a welter of long-lived animosities and jealousies such as the reader could not suspect from this book.

Toward the end, this mood changes. When it comes to the maternal Hébuterne family the frankness with which the Modiglianis have been brought to life is somehow missing. One feels a smoothing-over of anguish, and a needless keeping up of appearances, which is regrettable but understandable. Perhaps Jeanne Hébuterne's funeral was "simple and quiet," but there are questions left unanswered.

The book treats the earlier chroniclers toughly, yet with courtesy. It is even and balanced, and the letters and illustrations strengthen its purpose. An index would have helped. The translation seems excellent. The text was printed in Italy, which may account for a nagging detail: typographical errors are rampant.

—From the book.

Jeanne Hébuterne and Amedeo Modigliani lived together through the penniless, drug-ridden years in Paris. When she learned of his death in a charity hospital, Jeanne, mother of the author of "Modigliani: Man and Myth," plunged to her suicide.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From Inns to Oils

"My Life in Art," by Ludwig Bemelmans *(Harper. 64 pp. $5.95), is a triptych self-portrait of the ebullient author, whose third panel is a venture into serious oils. Our critic Selden Rodman's books include "Conversations with Artists" and "The Eye of Man."*

By Selden Rodman

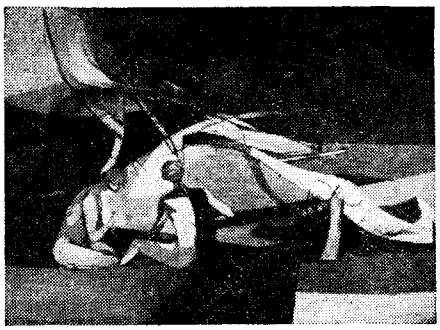
A BOOK must be reviewed in terms of its author's intentions, and hitherto it has always been Bemelmans's intention to entertain. He has always, or almost always, succeeded. "My Life in Art" entertains, too—wonderfully well—both in its writing and in its illustration. And it may be said right away that as a Christmas present no greater bargain for the sophisticated shopper of Greenwich or Sewickley or Grosse Point is likely to be found than these 10,000 words of irresistibly comic reminiscence and thirty-three handsome, full-color plates at the astonishing price of less than $6. But the author makes other claims—claims which make it the duty of the reviewer to evaluate the illustrator's new excursion into oil painting *as painting.*

Let us consider the pleasantest part of our task first. The text is divided into three parts. "Swan Country" relates the author's childhood on the shores of the Traunsee in Austria. His father, a Belgian painter of wonderfully inventive eccentricity, ran a hotel for eccentrics of all nationalities, leaving his golden-headed child strictly in the care of a French mademoiselle ("Gazelle"). Papa would sometimes sketch this governess wearing a helmet and other medieval arms, and once the child was dressed up as an angel and suspended by a pulley from the ballroom ceiling—a bit of décor that backfired when Bemelmans inhaled so much pipe smoke and candle wax that he became actively sick. He was never visited by other children—a regime that in his case at least seems to have insured that he would both retain his child's sense of fun and wonder throughout his life and never become a drudge to politics or business.

The second and major part of the text, "Paris," is a side-splitting account of Bemelmans's unsuccessful attempt to remodel a home, duplex studio, and ground-level *bistro* out of one of the oldest and dirtiest houses of the Left Bank. This, in itself, is a small classic, and should be required reading for anyone with the illusion that having a split-level home, a steady job, an insurance policy, and the facilities for watching the Lawrence Welk show with the shades pulled down, constitutes "living." The project foundered largely because "moving a stairway or a doorpost can engage an entire floor of French bureaucrats for a month," and because putting in a pipeline to the nearest sewer (200 yards away) involved tunneling by hand through the ancient wall of Lutetia at $100 per sackload. Bemelmans gave up after the two-hundredth sack, but the experience would hardly have given him more pleasure if every sack had contained gold.

IN the brief, concluding third part, Bemelmans moves into the suburbs, decides to paint seriously in oils. "In the years there," he says revealingly, "I painted some of the nearby scenery, also Paris, people, greenhouses, and sheltered little retreats." No one could object to that; it is the illustrator's bread-and-butter; and on an earlier page the artist remarks with engaging frankness, "I can't learn anything except by my senses and I am impeded by a self-indulgent strain for pleasure and comfort." But in the last passage of his book he claims more, announcing his success in the new medium, virtually demanding to be judged by severer standards. ". . . the picture is there forever; it looks back at you, and thanks you. It has its own clear voice and says it day and night and forever." All that the paintings do say is that Bemelmans has looked long and lovingly at what he likes, that he has gone a little beyond his delightful *New Yorker* covers, and that he has presented us with some remarkably handsome and chic pastiches of Dufy, Vlaminck, Chagall, Picasso, and Van Gogh, all of whom (except the last) can *sometimes* be just as "handsome" and "chic" themselves.

Tadeusz Kantor, Poland, 1958.



Keith Vaughan, Great Britain, 1946.

ART OF OUR TIMES is the subject of the sumptuous new volume, **"Art Since 1945"** (Abrams, $15), which surveys the postwar art scene. Amply illustrated with sixty color plates and 120 gravure reproductions, the text is written by distinguished international art critics and historians who comment upon artistic developments within their own countries. Most of these essays speak of the vigorous trend toward nonrepresentational art. The three paintings presented here are the works of Polish artist Tadeusz Kantor, upper left, "Figures by a Torn Tree Branch," upper right, by Keith Vaughan of Great Britian, and, at the left, Braque's interpretation of "A Bird and His Nest."

Georges Braque, France, 1956.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Wide Span of Current Religious Reading

Although today's spiritual life is prickled with perplexities, a measure of orientation, if not resolution, may be gained from a thoughtful reading of several recent books on religion, ranging from the orthodox to the eclectic.

I. The Church

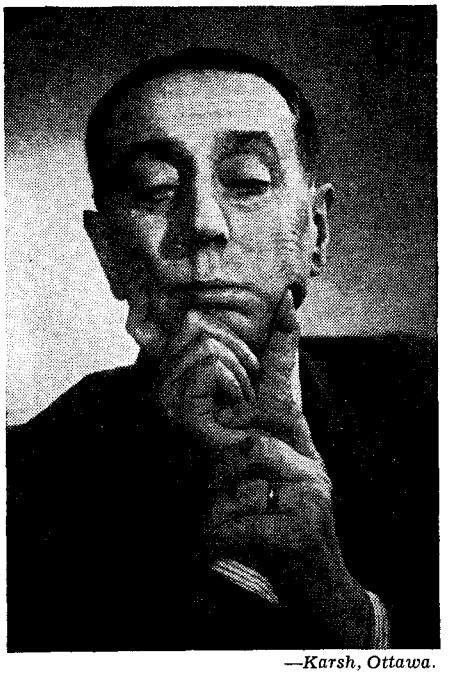
"What Is the Bible?," by Henri Daniel-Rops; *translated by J. R. Foster (Hawthorn. 128 pp. $2.95), and* ***"What Is Faith?," by Eugene Joly;*** *translated by Dom Illtyd Trethowan (Hawthorn. 144 pp. $2.95), are the inaugural volumes of The Twentieth Century Encyclopedia of Catholicism. A frequent writer on religious subjects, our reviewer, John W. Chase, was editor of "Years of the Modern."*

By John W. Chase

WITH the publication of "What Is the Bible?" and "What Is Faith?," an enterprise of great scope in the intellectual and spiritual life of contemporary Catholicism commences. These two slim volumes herald a series of 150 self-contained monographs which are to be issued in translation from the French at the rate of two a month and promise a thoroughly rich harvest. Edited by the extraordinarily versatile academician, Henri Daniel-Rops, whose "This Is the Mass" and "Jesus and His Times" are perhaps best known in this country, the project is entitled "The Twentieth Century Encyclopedia of Catholicism" and will encompass fourteen main divisions, including such subjects as "Knowledge and Faith, the Means of Redemption," the "History of the Church," "Catholicism and Art," "Non-Christian Beliefs." The titles do not appear in numerical order but, apparently, in order of readiness.

This undertaking is wholly French in editorship and conception, as well as primarily French in execution. For a reason not at once clear, the American publisher appears to wish to disguise this fact slightly and stress the "European" authorship. This attitude is regrettable, for it is in France that, during the past twenty years or so, there has been, despite political confusion, a revival of positive and constructive theology that is little short of phenomenal. Laymen, too, are participating in this movement to a remarkable extent, as so many volumes in The Twentieth Century Encyclopedia of Catholicism attest. Comparable publication of works on theological subjects is being done at this time only by the Anglican and German Protestant theologians.

In the first volume to be issued in this new series M. Daniel-Rops has presented a very model of compact scholarship and vivid commentary. It would be hard to find a more satisfactory condensation of the historical, literary, and religious significance of the Bible: ". . . a unique and inexhaustible book in which all there is to say about God and man is said." The extent of the revival in Bible exegesis in the Catholic Church may come as a surprise to many Catholics as well as to others. This revival may be dated from the encyclical "Providentissimus Deus" of Leo XIII in 1893, followed by the "Spiritus Paraclitus" of Benedict XV in 1920 and Pius XII's "Divino afflante Spiritu" in 1943. "From now on," as the author observes, "the Catholic church says to her children, 'Read the Bible!' "



—*Karsh, Ottawa.*

Henri Daniel-Rops—"verve of a child."

And it would be a laggard, indeed, who did not catch fire from M. Daniel-Rops's "rapid survey." Despite the background of enormous erudition, the general editor writes with the verve of a child constantly on the threshold of new delights.

> The great historical frescoes like Exodus, Kings, Maccabees, or the Acts of the Apostles, which, broadly speaking, are just as objective as the chroniclers and historians of Greece and Rome, will still grip anyone discovering them for himself and taking the trouble to read them right through, instead of resting content with the fragments that appear in the liturgy or the miserable summaries given by only too many books of "sacred history."

And throughout his study the author is alert to the many contemporary applications that may be made from a loving perusal of the Bible.

With Eugene Joly's "What Is Faith?" (a not too felicitous translation of the French *"Qu'est-ce que croire?"*), we enter an equally engrossing field of writing, though the tone changes from the descriptive to what might loosely be termed the polemic. For whereas M. Daniel-Rops is content to assume a repository of faith in his readers, M. Joly is more interested in attempting to answer the problems facing those antagonistic to faith or else in a dilemma as to how to seek it. But this is a sparkling dissertation, almost certain to help those truly seeking faith and to stimulate those who already possess it.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

II. Truths

"The Role of Knowledge in Western Religion," by John Herman Randall, Jr. *(Beacon Press. 147 pp. $3.50), is concerned with the compatibility between symbol and fact.* SR*'s critic, Harry C. Meserve, a Unitarian minister, wrote "No Peace of Mind."*

By Harry C. Meserve

THIS book is a brief but learned and incisive study of the place of knowledge and truth in the religious life. The warfare between science and religion is over since it is now generally agreed by thoughtful men of science and thoughtful men of faith that the field of scientific inquiry and the field of religious faith are so different that they need not be in competition with one another. But the problem of defining the relationship of knowledge to faith, of fact to symbol, still remains.

Professor Randall approaches this problem by way of an historical sketch of the major solutions which have been proposed by Western philosophers and theologians from Plato and Aristotle to the present day. Three principal positions have been held traditionally. First, it has been maintained that religion in general and Christianity in particular are based upon direct revelations of truth not only about God but about the natural world and about human nature. Thus the effort has been made to construct a comprehensive religious philosophy of life. Second, it has been argued that Christianity is based upon a revelation of truth which is wholly different in quality and character from the kind of truth which is discovered through scientific inquiry and rational reflection. Third, it has been held that religion offers no independent knowledge at all, that its "truths" are symbolic. They stand for meanings in man's inner life and in his social experience.

With the true scholar's easy mastery of his materials, Professor Randall conducts the reader on a guided tour through the history of Western philosophy and theology and the notable efforts which have been made to solve this problem of knowledge and religion. He cites Augustine's comprehensive rational theology based on the Platonic understanding of man and nature as an outstanding example of the first approach to the problem. He cites Aquinas's separation of the realm of scientific knowledge from the realm of faith. He discusses the philosophers of the age of reason and of the romantic revolt and stresses the modern mind's general acceptance of the third alternative, the symbolic character of all religious beliefs.

This symbolic character of religious faith does not, however, mean that religion is an illusion. Rather, the reality of religion is to be found not in the knowledge it imparts but in the changes in the individual and in society which it provokes, in the values which it makes operative in human life. Religion is to be seen not as a system of knowledge but as a force in life. Like art, religion offers no new knowledge but "opens whole worlds to be explored, whole heavens to be enjoyed." What we call religious knowledge is more accurately a way of taking the materials which the world and human experience provide and filling them with grandeur, meaning, and ethical application.

Professor Randall accepts this view as his own but he is too much of a philosopher, too rigorous a thinker to consent to the abandonment of the effort to achieve the first of his three approaches to the problem of knowledge in religion: the bold and creative use of the intellect in the effort to bring religious faith into accord with scientific knowledge and philosophic truth. This effort, he insists, must be carried on patiently and persistently. It is a religious obligation. Because this obligation has been so frequently ignored in modern times much of contemporary religion is a shallow palliative which may soothe but cannot heal the profound spiritual malaise of modern man.

This book represents a fresh and stimulating treatment of the encounter between science and religion.

III. Paradoxes

"Chance and Providence," by William G. Pollard *(Scribners. 190 pp. $3.50), is an account of the intellectual dilemma confronting a physicist-turned-clergyman. Charles C. Price, who reviews the book for us, is head of the Department of Chemistry at the University of Pennsylvania.*

By Charles C. Price

THIS book is an interesting, clever, and well-written exposition of the effort of a physicist-turned-clergyman to reconcile his Christian faith in "the reality of God's grace and providence, of His judgment and redeeming power in life and history," with "the reality of the world of electrons, atoms, and physical law." Accepting both, he, as many others before him, is concerned with the baffling contradictions between them.

In essence, Pollard deals with two paradoxical aspects of his problem. First is the apparent incompatibility of the deterministic cause-and-effect nature of the physical world of science, with the all-powerful role of God in shaping events. The second is the apparent incompatibility of human freedom and God's action.

Each of these problems is discussed from the viewpoint of resolving the conflict on the basis of a fuller understanding of physical principles themselves. In the first paradox, his discussion centers around the relation between chance and accident on one

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hand and the role of God on the other. He discards the possibility that physical determinism applies to the domain of physical events while God rules the affairs of man. He points out that it is now clearly recognized in the world of science that there are not strict cause-and-effect relations in science, in the sense that a given set of circumstances must produce a given result. This is discussed principally in terms of the contrast between older concepts of classical physics and the "indeterminism" of modern quantum mechanics. More frequently than not, all science and physical laws can say is what the probabilities may be for any of several possible things to occur. Furthermore, if there is a sequence of occurrences, each of which may be ruled by chance, then the accidental concurrence of several possible chance events becomes possible.

IT IS then Pollard's thesis that it is not only in establishing physical law, but in influencing the choice of possibilities when chance and accident have a role, that the providence of God exerts its influence on physical and human affairs. In contrasting scientific observation to historical, he further points out a significant difference between the two. Science normally treats a single event only as it falls into a pattern of repeatable events under the same circumstances.

> Providence, however, ignores all else which might have happened but didn't, and focuses its attention on the one thing which did happen in a given setting in history. . . . What is labeled chance in one context can without contradiction manifest the will of God acting in judgment or in redemption in the other.

The other paradox of freedom, choice, and responsibility as contrasted to destiny, grace, and purpose is also dealt with by reference to scientific principles. In this case, the author refers to the paradox of the wave and particulate nature of matter. An electron, for example, has many properties which can only be satisfactorily explained by its being a particle. Many other properties are only explicable on the basis that it is a wave. The more we learn about the electron, the more we conclude it must have the apparently contradictory properties of both wave and particle. This has been expressed as the principle of complementarity. Pollard then carries over the idea of complementarity to the paradox of freedom and providence.

It should be made clear that Pollard does not intend to prove the existence of God by citing the principles of science as he does. His problem was to reconcile his faith in the reality of physical principles with his faith in the Biblical concept of God and His will. For those like himself who have the latter faith, he does indeed present clever logic and interesting philosophy reconciling the paradoxes with which he deals.

THE SPIRIT AND THE FLESH are combined in the stylized, yet vibrantly alive woodblock prints, handsomely reproduced in Willy Boller's "Masterpieces of the Japanese Woodcut" (Crown, $25). Two eighteenth-century woodblock artists represented here are, left, Utamaro, who worked his print of a mother and child in subtle tones, and, Sharaku, below, who turned to the theatre for his silhouette of an elaborately coiffed actor.

IV. Anxiety

"Land in Search of God," by Stanley J. Rowland, Jr. *(Random House. 162 pp. $3.95), analyzes America's current quest for spiritual values. Carl Michalson, author of "Faith for Personal Crises," evaluates the study.*

By Carl Michalson

THE thesis of this book is that the people of our land are afflicted with an "elusive anxiety." Our cares are directly related to our sense of need for a meaningful life. The purpose of the book is to ask if the current "religious revival" is an adequate answer to this need. This, of course, is a task for philosophers of history, theologians, and social scientists. But the man who takes it up here is a newspaper reporter. The question is, does he carry it off?

He does, in a way the others could not, yet with their help. "Land in Search of God" is prophecy in the Pickwickian tradition, and Rowland is the plain man's Toynbee. While his style only occasionally resembles Will Rogers's, what he knows is largely what he hears from his tape recordings. They are seismographic accounts of the tremors in our culture, detected in very ordinary places. At the same time he shares the rarest insights of the deepest interpreters of our time and communicates with fine balance the contributions of the three major religious groups in America.

The reader should be ready, therefore, to make radical transitions. He can be asked to move from a two-page cultural history of the West to a transcript of back-fence gossip tapped by the author himself. The result is kerygmatic journalism. Like Dostoevsky's "idiot," Rowland offers quiet advice about our crises, which, if followed, could revolutionize our life, but if merely contemplated could just as easily scandalize or draw laughs.

Where others have failed because of cynicism, Rowland may succeed with his delicate ironies. There are, for example, ostensibly kind defenses of two of our beleaguered leaders, Norman Vincent Peale and Billy Graham. Of Peale he says, "He does tell stories about people who found God and were successful, but the point of these stories is typically that their subjects realized normal expectations." To erase any trace of sar-

(*Continued on page* 40)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Incomparable Proof of Man's Triumphant Spirit

A new genre of prose writing has arisen in our own times: the documents of the concentration camps. Saturday Review *has asked Jerrold Lanes to review three of these recently published books:* ***"Anne Frank: Profile in Courage," by Ernst Schnabel;*** *translated by Richard and Clara Winston (Harcourt, Brace. 192 pp. $3.95),* ***"An Ordinary Camp," by Micheline Maurel;*** *translated by Margaret S. Summers (Simon & Schuster. 141 pp. $3.50), and* ***"Child of Our Time," by Michel del Castillo;*** *translated by Peter Green (Knopf. 281 pp. $3.75). For those who recoil from reading about man's most searing cruelty to his fellows, let it be said that these stories about a young German girl, a French Resistance worker, and a French-Spanish boy are infused with beauty, hope, and incomparable proof of man's triumphant spirit. Few other books seem so appropriate for the Christmas season.*

By JERROLD LANES

THESE three books are not to be taken as literature. They are simply human documents, and two of them are written that way—straightforwardly and without artifice. Ernst Schnabel's "Anne Frank: A Portrait in Courage" is the unfortunate exception. It is not really a bad book, and it will be informative to those who have not read the excerpts that were already published in a large magazine; but it is not a particularly good book either: reading it, one gets the impression of a certain confusion in the author's intent.

There is confusion, to begin with, about the subject. Schnabel writes primarily about the remarkable and unique individual Anne Frank was, not about the general condition of life she shared with millions of others who necessarily, whether to escape detection or because the Germans treated them as beasts, remained anonymous. Yet there is not much he can tell us about Anne's personality that we have not already learned from her diary; and even where he can contribute new facts about the circumstances of Anne's life—her capture and above all her death—these shed little light on Anne herself, who wonderfully transcended them.

In any case, one cannot get away from the broader aspect of the subject, that of Nazi racial oppression in general, which Schnabel suggests was one of his concerns in writing this book (recently called by him a "confession"). Here, I am afraid, he is at his least satisfactory: in an effort somehow to avow the guilt he feels as a German and a survivor, and to

express his homage to the oppressed and the dead, he has slipped into a style that is often forced, artificial, falsely portentous. Schnabel's constraint is understandable: he was, after all, in a very awkward position, so much so that it is a question whether an outsider ought to have treated this subject at all: the witnesses whom Schnabel interviewed seemed to him reticent about their memories, and uneasy. But if one chooses to expiate one's sense of guilt through a kind of identification with the wronged and to write as if from the other side of the barbed wire, the task becomes hopeless: we simply cannot imagine what it was like.

Micheline Maurel underscores this fact at one point of her extraordinary narrative, "An Ordinary Camp," when she tells us how, back in France after the liberation, people would ask her if she had been raped. As it happened, she never had, but she was exasperated by a question that might occur to any of us. It is as though, in the camp, anguish at a misfortune of this sort was a luxury you could not permit yourself. The obsession was simply to live, and one could not worry about how. To have your blanket stolen or to miss your bowl of soup were the big tragedies; the big problems were the dysentery and the winter. These are the things Mlle. Maurel writes about, very directly and with an unforgettable effect—anything beyond them was too human to seem real. Her book is an account of people's progressive brutalization, and the only way to get an idea of it is to read it; I do not know of anything quite like it.

Each age tends to think that its tortures are the ultimate; and now we have gone our predecessors one better. It may well not be as far as one can go, but as Mauriac observes in his preface, "We no longer want to know what we are capable of doing." What we are capable of doing is the lesson of the book, although Mlle. Maurel's intent is more to record than to accuse, with a grandeur stemming from the strength of a humanity which remained, in spite of everything, irreducible. Our duty is to try to comprehend the facts she relates, for as she writes, the reality of the camps "has not been destroyed, and nothing has made up for a single day of suffering."

A GOOD deal, on the contrary, has been done to prolong the suffering; and if readers may feel themselves only indirectly implicated in Mlle. Maurel's book—simply by virtue of being human, like the torturers and their victims—the questions raised by Michel del Castillo's "Child of Our Time" are more imperious: the circumstances of his misery antedate the war, and far outlast it. It has been said that del Castillo begins where Anne Frank leaves off; actually, he begins long before.

Tanguy, as the author calls himself in an otherwise undisguised autobi-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ography, is the child of a Spanish mother whose "idealism" is a cloak for her inexhaustible vindictiveness and of a French father whose crassness differs only in degree, not in kind, from the desire for a comfortable, "respectable" position. The Spanish Civil War ended such family life as he may have had. At five he fled to France, where, betrayed by his father and abandoned by his mother, he was interned in a Vichy concentration camp; at nine he was sent to a German one. After the war he had no place to go but a Spanish orphanage, which was ghastly by any standards and, considering its ostensible mission, quite up to comparison with the concentration camps. From this he finally escaped. After an interlude of two years' happiness and rest at a school in the south of Spain, he finally got to Paris for a last, dreadful encounter with his parents. As the book ends, he is once again alone.

As this bare summary will suggest, the book is simply heartbreaking. What a summary cannot suggest is the tone of the writing and the quality of del Castillo's sensibility. He has no complaint, although his life has been one of incessant suffering; no demands, although he has had nothing, and no expectations because he has seen everything. The brutality of Tanguy's situation has stripped him down to the core of his nature, without any of the trappings and pretense; yet it is this unrelieved horror, we find, that has preserved his innocence. After all, the most insidious sort of corruption comes from situations which are not wholly evil, which admit of plausible justification and prudent compromise. These, Tanguy never knew: the extreme viciousness he lived through kept intact, in him, the extreme purity of a child. What remains, after so much ugliness, is a beautiful person, who can feel no anger and even no regret, only pity and a desire to love and be loved.

But in spite of itself, "Child of Our Time" is a terrible indictment, for as the excellent title of the translation insists, del Castillo's life cannot be dismissed as merely the product of freakish coincidences. The locale typifies something widespread and the individuals express a whole society—composed, perhaps, largely of the well-intentioned, but too ineffectual to prevent del Castillo's tragedy and others like it, not to say to repair them. The refusal of the author to express a condemnation he has every right to pronounce, and the extraordinary poignancy of his voice, make our failure still harder to bear. We cannot live down the impact of this innocence and simplicity; but can we live up to it, either?

FICTION

Big Poor from the Panhandle

"The Bone Pickers," by Al Dewlen *(McGraw-Hill. 408 pp. $4.95), is a novel about the Munger family of Amarillo who, despite a modest facade, are members of the Panhandle's Big Rich. It is reviewed by Joe B. Frantz of the University of Texas, who has written books about his state, its cowboys, and his fellow Texans.*

By Joe B. Frantz

AMONG the caricatures of the excesses of Texans that have become fashionable almost to the point of satiation nowadays, Al Dewlen's "The Bone Pickers" will have at least the distinction of downshifting its gears. Instead of a flamboyantly tasteless family of Big Rich conspicuously consuming around Neiman's and Houston's Petroleum Club, the Munger family of Amarillo—worth $160 million—are studiedly plain to the point of being ridiculous.

And yet somehow Mr. Dewlen has taken this improbable family and made its progress seem probable. The only real improbables are the male in-laws, who sit idly—and idling—by while their spouses let themselves be ruled by a bloodless younger brother, Spain, whose only gifts are logic and an ability to scramble clichés. The odds against three heiresses worth $30 million-plus each finding three men who would be willing to drive three-year-old Chevrolets and live in FHA housing to satisfy a brother's reverse ego are too great to figure, but if the reader can accept such odds, he can go on to have a cracking good time watching this self-conscious poverty disintegrate.

Best drawn are the idiot brother, June, and a character who is dead when the story begins, the atlas-reading, alcoholic, foul-mouthed father, Cecil Munger. Brother June, a 240-pound, forty-year-old infant who likes to use the heads of live chickens for golf balls, is the family skeleton, something to be hidden and at the same time a thing to be treasured by the superstitious family—for being imbecilic, he is somehow Beloved of God. So June flashes around in one of his three Cadillacs, flies to New York to see "Li'l Abner," chases girls, and generally indulges himself, as no one else does—law or in-law.

Cecil Munger is responsible for June's condition, for in one of his rare alcoholic bursts of work, he set out to make a garden. As he swung his mattock extravagantly, the steel head bounced loose and lodged in Brother June's head. Thereafter the Munger family had a problem, and author Dewlen had his motivation.

The book is not a novel of Texas, as its publishers claim, or even of Amarillo. The focus is almost exclusively on the five surviving Mungers and their little-spirited father.

On the other hand, Mr. Dewlen exhibits an ear of near-perfect pitch for Amarillo sounds and smells. To

Criminal Record

SOMEONE FROM THE PAST. *By Margot Bennett. Dutton.* $2.95. Murder of London editress tizzies former roommate, who does several wrong things that arouse cops' interest; victim's boy friends also crowd roster of suspects. Action unfrantic, dialogue abundant but sprightly.

THE SILENT SLAIN. *By Chad Pilgrim. Abelard-Schuman.* $2.75. New England's women college student's body found at pondside; male death follows; toothpick-chewing Inspector Matt Ruffins quizzes profs, others. Too much goes on.

MURDER PREMEDITATED. *By P. H. Powell. Roy.* $2.75. Rural English medico jolted when matriarchal neighbor (and his patient) succumbs to slug of arsenic; relatives on spot (and so is he); was Yarder dumb or not-so? Agreeable.

THE BURNING OF TROY. *By Malcolm Gair. Crime Club.* $2.95. Mark Raeburn, London eye (and ex-Yarder) tours Paris, Auvergne, Venice on trail of missing opal (named in title); variant on ancient evil-gem theme has nice air of authenticity; accelerates steadily. —SERGEANT CUFF.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anyone who knows Panhandle folks and attitudes, there are a thousand and one little brush strokes that delight: the right hat for the Downtown Club, the letters of protest to Eastern industry, the pleasure in peanut butter, and Brother June's singing of "Jesus Loves Me." Furthermore, Mr. Dewlen has had the honesty to present some Texans who do not spend their days spitting on Negroes and Mexicans or who do not try to buy their way to position. The Mungers just want to be left alone, to decide in concert whether they can buy a power mower at a discount and to determine how to plug five-cent leaks in a 100-million-dollar enterprise. Whether such people can be real, however, is, in the words of Spain Munger, "a bird on another bush."

Peon Passion Player

***"Manuel the Mexican," by Carlo Coccioli;** translated by Hans Koningsberger (Simon & Schuster. 370 pp. $4.50), tells of a young boy, caught in the forces of ancient Aztec legend and ardent Christian belief.* SR*'s reviewer is Donald Demarest, a novelist and editor who lived for many years in Mexico.*

By Donald Demarest

THERE have been almost no good novels written about Mexico—even by Mexicans. That complex, of-a-piece, evasive, and blatant country seems to call for tracts and travelogues; it lends itself to the wildest theories and provides a significant backdrop for the dullest whodunit or comedy of manners. It has proved a pitfall for the greatest artists—from D. H. Lawrence to Graham Greene. It has been a fatal trap for writers of the second rank like Steinbeck. And the "big" Mexican novels of the past twenty years share the same faults; wordiness, tub-thumping, sentimentality about the Noble Indian, and carelessness in construction haunt Azuela, Guzmán, Vasconcelos, and Yañez, just as they betray the tourist bards.

This book is a theme novel too. At times it tacks dangerously between the dark blood mysticism of "The Plumed Serpent" and the Redemption through Sin and Pity of "The Power and the Glory," between the lisping bucolic lyricism of "The Pearl" and the brutal nihilism of "The Underdogs." The fact that it does tack is enough to make it unique. Its very formlessness—its constant shifts in point of narrative and from allegory to the picaresque to private journal—provides the framework for some remarkable insights into the essential ambiguity of Mexico.

Carlo Coccioli—one of the younger and least fixed stars in the postwar Italian Pleiades—has chosen to work a fairly exhausted seam: that of the peasant protagonist of a passion play who is literally crucified. But he uses this as a valid springboard for an analysis of the creative and continuous interaction between the old and new religions—between Quetzalcoatl first and Tezcatlipoca, between Tonantzin and the dark-skinned Virgin of Guadalupe, between Christ and El Tepozteco.

The last, of course, is a marvelously rich legend and the village of Tepoztlán is an even better setting for a novelist than for the anthropologists who have made it their private stalking ground. El Tepozteco, an Aztec folk hero identified with Ometochtli, the divinity of pulque and gambling, who became converted to Christianity on the Feast of the Nativity of The Blessed Virgin—and who is now identified with both Christ and Zapata—is an essential symbol.

The boy Manuel, who has been raised by an anticlerical uncle to an understanding of the old myths, has a vision of El Tepozteco and runs away with a peddler who was a former *Cristero;* he takes up with Miss Howkins, a refugee from her Protestant missionary father's jealous God, with a dancing master interested in reviving the ancient dances and with the author—whose arrival on th scene at page 285 further muddi what has become an opaque narrative.

"Manuel the Mexican" for all its prolixity is an absorbing and challenging work. It may stand for some time as the definitive fictional statement of the Meaning of Mexico. But there are some young Mexican novelists, like Juan Rulfo and Carlos Fuentes (more desperately and more personally concerned with Coccioli's easy antonyms, although they lack his technical range), who are producing novels about Mexico that are also a lot more universal.

DIOR DRESSED: It is difficult to say a great deal either for or against **"Mrs. 'Arris Goes to Paris"** (Doubleday, $2.50), because it is a gentle, wispy little fable that neither pretends to be more than it is nor has any thesis with which anyone could possibly take issue. It is all in favor of goodness and love and understanding, and it points out that people are pretty much the same all over the world.

It is to Paul Gallico's credit that

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

BIBLICAL ONE-TIMERS

For the Scripturally-minded, Nan Carpenter, presently of Pasadena, California, has compiled a list of names each of which occurs but once in the Bible. Can you identify these from the clues in the second column and name the book of the Bible in which each is found? Answers on page 41.

1. Anna	( ) An Areopagite
2. Baalis	( ) Another name for Esther
3. Bithiah	( ) A prophetess
4. Blastus	( ) Caesar
5. Buzi	( ) Chamberlain of Ahaserus
6. Candace	( ) Chamberlain of Herod
7. Carcas	( ) Damsel who met Peter
8. Chuza	( ) Daughter of Pharaoh
9. Cyrenius	( ) Oldest son of Samuel
10. Dionysius	( ) Father of Elihu
11. Erastus	( ) Father of Ezekiel
12. Ethbaal	( ) Father of Jezebel
13. Hadassah	( ) Governor of Syria
14. Hen	( ) King of Assyria
15. Joanna	( ) King of the Ammonites
16. Lysanias	( ) Proselyte of Antioch
17. Mercurius	( ) Queen of the Ethiopians
18. Nicolas	( ) Roman god
19. Rhoda	( ) Son of Jonathan
20. Sapphira	( ) Son of Zephaniah
21. Sargon	( ) Steward of Herod
22. Tiberius	( ) Steward of the city
23. Tohu	( ) Tetrarch of Abilene
24. Vashni	( ) Wife of Ananias
25. Zaza	( ) Wife of Herod's steward

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he manages to make a believable—or almost believable—tale out of what is, logically speaking, a totally preposterous situation. A one-sentence summary of the plot would make the book sound ridiculous, and this it is not. What Mr. Gallico has done is kept a sort of fairy-story technique, making the smaller details apparently logical and convincing as he goes along, until the reader is willing to concede that the main event might really have happened after all. It is no mean feat, and he has accomplished it deftly and with good humor.

To be as brief, and at the same time as fair to the story, as possible: Mrs. Ada Harris, a London charwoman in her late fifties, becomes obsessed with the idea of owning a Dior dress—not necessarily to wear, but as a symbol of all that is beautiful and feminine and expensive; in short, all that she isn't and can never hope to be. By scrimping and saving over a period of years, and by a lucky win in the football pool, she manages to scrape together the necessary money, and off she goes to Paris. She sees a dress she likes, and in the week it takes to have a copy made for her, she becomes acquainted with and enmeshed in the lives of a variety of different Parisians whom, as a group, she had always mistrusted and disliked. But not only does she come to regard them with affection, she also becomes a sort of good-luck token for them, and in her worldly charwoman's wisdom she solves their various problems and brings happiness into their lives. They, in turn, give her a number of things that she has never known before, including a sense of perspective, which is more comforting than the transitory delight of the Dior dress.

And there it is. Anybody who wants to read any deeper meaning into it is welcome to try, but to do it would probably be a disservice to the book. It doesn't take itself all that seriously, so nobody else ought to either.

—NATHANIEL BENCHLEY.

AFRICAN ADVENTURE: "What we need," said the dour Percy in Stuart Cloete's **"Gazella"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50), "is polygamy, contraception, and no chemical fertilizer," referring to Portuguese East Africa. He made honest women of his black mistresses by marrying them in batches, and honestly tried to improve the farming of his estate by the interbreeding of zebras with donkeys to produce better draft animals. He was one of a strangely assorted group who were to follow "the tunnel through time" to the ancient jungle where the oldest of elephants, Chimboro, still slaughtered men in reprisal for old wounds. It was said that the spirits of the great native chiefs were in him.

Mackinsen, who was obsessed by his need to kill Chimboro, led the safari which included his Parisian *"poule de luxe,"* Frazer the American and Gazella, the half-caste dancer and witch, who was determined that the elephant should avenge her people by killing Mackinsen because he had tortured her brother to find a king's treasure.

The complexities of lust make up most of this rather dawdling book as the flight of its cuckolds progresses, but the firm quality of it is that which Stuart Cloete displayed in his excellent tale of Africa, "The Turning Wheels"—the analysis of tortured characters and the tactile, accurate descriptions of life in the bush.

But most of the story is of the coiling of minds within themselves, of the knots of revenge marking real or imagined evils. Gazella taunted the pride of Mackinsen, betting that the sacred elephant, Chimboro, would vanquish him, and Mackinsen trained for the great day, abstaining from alcohol, tobacco, and his mistress. And the day came when he and Chimboro stood face to face, and he did not know that ineffective bullets had been substituted for those in his gun—and Gazella, jeering with revenge, danced with her witch's painted body.

This book lacks the suspense of Stuart Cloete's previous novels, for the physical action of it is long in getting under way, and the conclusion of it is lazily contrived. It is, nonetheless, good reading for a jungle hammock. —HASSOLDT DAVIS.

ENGLAND'S BRIDE: Of making of many books, there is reputedly no end, and this applies particularly to books about red-headed Elizabeth Tudor in so many ways resembles a certain modern British princess and in so few her sister Elizabeth II. Not to go back to Sir Walter Scott or even to such relatively modern non-fiction ventures as Lytton Strachey's "Elizabeth and Essex," Katherine Anthony's "Queen Elizabeth," or Milton Waldman's "Elizabeth and Leicester," the present reviewer has, in the past few years alone, read more than a half dozen volumes about the Virgin Queen and those around her—from A. L. Rowse's serious and scholarly "The England of Elizabeth" to lighter fiction such as that written by the Lettons, Margaret Irwin, and Rosemary Sutcliff.

To make an impression in such an assembly, it is then not merely necessary to tell a story effectively but to add something new. The latter F. W. Kenyon, in his **"Shadow in the Sun"** (Crowell, $3.95), certainly does. His book is as easy to read as it is warm and convincing, and it leaves us with a clear understanding of what this woman may well have been. She was, Mr. Kenyon believes, a split personality tormented by a frustrated femininity, married to England as surely as Michelangelo was to his art, and so unable to give herself to any man.

But this we already know, and while Mr. Kenyon states it very ably, he overlooks the magnificence and grandeur of the scene against which she played her drama. To be sure, Sir Francis Drake, the Armada, and even Shakespeare are mentioned, but nowhere do we get the feel of intellectual and national glory that made the Elizabethan Age—with Periclean Athens and the Italian Renaissance—one of the greatest in the history of Western man. —THOMAS C. CHUBB.

LADY KNOWN AS LIL, the toast of London's society in the 1870s, is the subject of Pierre Sichel's lively biography, **"The Jersey Lily"** (Prentice-Hall, $4.95). Lillie Langtry is portrayed as a spirited heroine and an abandoned collector of yachts, racing horses, mansions, and, above all, of men's hearts.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 809

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 809 will be found in the next issue.

RB CDEF DG GB HKL

KG KLCDEF.

—OKPDF LPFGGSFP.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 808

A photograph is a portrait painted by the sun.

—DUPINS.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor: Norman Cousins
Publisher: J. R. Cominsky
Associate Editors: Harrison Smith, Irving Kolodin

Associate Publisher W. D. Patterson
Feature Editor Peter Ritner
Science Editor John Lear
Poetry Editor John Ciardi
Editorial Production Dorothy Chadbourn
Book Review Editor Rochelle Girson
Ass't. Book Review Editor Rollene Waterman

Editors-at-Large
Harrison Brown
John Mason Brown
Joseph Wood Krutch
Walter Millis
Elmo Roper
John Steinbeck

Contributing Editors
Cleveland Amory
Henry Hewes
Granville Hicks
James Thrall Soby
Horace Sutton
John T. Winterich

Contents Copyrighted, 1958, by Saturday Review, Inc.

The Plight of the Southern Liberal

THIS is a report of a visit to the home of a college president in the Deep South. Following the lecture before students and faculty, I was invited to meet with a small group at the president's house. Almost inevitably, the polite conversation soon gave way to the big subject—dark skins and light skins and a world that is cracking because there doesn't seem to be enough emotional room in it to contain the two.

The wife of a prominent local physician and a community leader in her own right addressed me from across the room.

"You might as well know it," she said. "This little meeting has been prearranged. We didn't want you to return to your office in New York without our having a chance to say some things to you about the color problem. Here in Alabama, the problem is no abstraction. Maybe our knowledge of it suffers because it is too intimate, but we thought it might be useful to tell you exactly how we feel."

I expressed my appreciation and an eagerness to hear more.

"Several members of this group have asked me to make the presentation," she resumed. "The reason for it perhaps is that I used to live in the North. The group here didn't want you to feel that what you were hearing reflected only the views of someone whose family had Deep South traditions going back to the Revolution.

"Now, the first point that ought to be made is that almost everyone you see here in this room tonight has been engaged over the years, in one way or another, in working for better race relations in the South. In fact, if you had to draw up a list of two dozen names most prominently associated with improving race relations in this area over the past ten or fifteen years, at least six of the people here tonight would be on that list. In this room tonight is a college president who has led the fight to provide high caliber postgraduate professional educational facilities for the Negro. Sitting next to him is a woman who has been effective in expanding hospital and medical facilities for the Negro. Several of us have been working in the field of low-cost housing.

"All this by way of credentials. Now, you may gather from what I have said that this is no hard-bitten segregationist group. Yet we have the feeling down here that there's no real interest in the North in our problem, the problem of the liberal Southerner, that is. You see, he's caught in a cross-fire. And he's lost his effectiveness. In fact, the entire race relations movement in the South is stalled.

"Consider what has happened here in Alabama. Only four years ago we had a promising race relations council. It was a mixed group. Some of the people here were on it; helped to found it, in fact. A number of Negro leaders were part of the group. When we met it was on a non-segregated basis, of course, and we got the support of many of our important business and local government people.

"Those activities were concerned not only with the education of the Negro but many of the more insistent economic and social welfare needs of the Negro. It's important to be concerned about what happens in the schools, of course, but too many people in the North seem unwilling to do any hard thinking about other problems that are just as pressing. What about food, health, doctors, hospital facilities, jobs, salaries, decent housing? These are survival problems, not abstract questions.

"And these are the problems that our race relations council tried to cope with. Please note that I say 'tried,' not 'try.' It's all past tense now. The race relations council no longer exists. The Southern liberals who organized it and manned it are no longer a force. In fact, the liberal Southerner is on the run. We've lost the cooperation of many of the community and business leaders. Today there is no interracial council or anything like it here. In the present temper, it would be impossible to start one. We couldn't hold a mixed meeting; it would be extremely risky even to try to bring a mixed group together in one's own home. In short, there is no longer any real or effective leadership for bettering the condition of the Negro in the South.

"External and internal pressures have just about put the Southern liberal out of business. There is very little sympathy in the North for our position. There is very little understanding of the conditions and circumstances in which we have to work. Instead, we get a lot of advice about what we ought to do and even more criticism because we don't put the advice into effect within the hour.

"WHAT do we suggest? We're not sure we know what to suggest. A few years ago we thought we were making some marks. Specific things in medical care, jobs, housing were being done. We had time on our side. Now time is working against us. Demands are being made to achieve certain objectives on a deadline basis. Meanwhile, a wall of resistance has been building up against any change. A showdown psychology is being created. If such a showdown comes, it won't be healthy for anyone, white or black.

"What do we want you to do? Just think about what we've said. Think about the Southern liberals you know—in public and private life—and ask yourself whether you have made any real attempt to see our problem in our own terms. Don't condemn us out of hand. We're in a big fight and we need help. Most of all we need time to regroup our forces. Don't think we've lost our souls. And please don't think that the only thing that is keeping us from being effective is an insufficiency of moral judgments from the North. That is all."

I thanked the lady and the group; and said I would pass their report along to the readers of this magazine for their consideration, which I have now done. —N. C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE FACTS ON O'KEEFFE

AMONG THE many inaccuracies in A. Wilfred May's "Does Rembrandt Pay Dividends?" (*SR* Dec. 6) ("complete present-day neglect of the English Pre-Raphaelites," Salvator Rosa as an example of "drastic and wholly unforeseeable decline," "Bracque" for Braque, etc.), none are more glaringly untrue than those concerning the prices and popularity of Georgia O'Keeffe.

For some unapparent reason Miss O'Keeffe has been singled out among living Americans as a case of "fashion-change" and "devastating decline from erstwhile price peaks."

Now Mr. May couldn't have made a worse choice to prove his point. For Georgia O'Keeffe is (as I know from many years of close association with her work) perhaps the *only* American painter of her generation whose prices have held up steadily through the years. In the 1920s Alfred Stieglitz focussed world attention on her painting and the demand for it has increased decade by decade.

Mr. May evidently did not know (or at any rate did not care to admit) that during the last year (1957-58) Miss O'Keeffe made more money from the sale of her pictures than in any previous twelve months of her career.

Because he mistakenly believes that Miss O'Keeffe's prices have fallen off, Mr. May, with wilful ignorance, makes her the victim of a change in fashion. Here is where the mischief really begins. The truth is opposite; during the last year her paintings have been sold to the Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney Museum of American Art, and the Brooklyn Museum, all of which already owned works by O'Keeffe but bought more, while in this same year other museums such as the Milwaukee Art Institute, the University of Nebraska, and the Albright Art Gallery have added her work to their collections. Today over forty museums all over America contain canvases by Miss O'Keeffe, and her paintings are being widely purchased by private collectors as they have constantly been for the last forty years.

Currently Miss O'Keeffe is one of fourteen artists selected by the Metropolitan Museum of Art for its exhibition "Fourteen American Masters Covering a Period from Colonial Times to Today" in which an entire room is devoted to her art.

All these facts make it obvious that although Mr. May is said to know investments, he knows little, indeed, about the world of art.

Actually the case of Georgia O'Keeffe is a complete repudiation of all that your writer implies. For forty years her work has been curiously beyond fashion. Through restless changes in public taste from Realism to Abstraction to Surrealism and back to Abstraction, it has remained in favor. Each decade in turn seems to have found something to admire in her serene and developing art.

This makes it all the more regrettable that Mr. May and the *Saturday Review* seem to have conspired to cast an unreal shadow on one of the few original—and constantly popular—painters in America.

DANIEL CATTON RICH,
Director, Worcester Art Museum.
Worcester, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The editors are grateful to Mr. Rich for his reply. We are pleased to learn that Miss O'Keeffe's work is continuing to meet, and deservedly so, with high public favor. Wilfred May, author of the article, will comment on Mr. Rich's letter in the next issue of the* Saturday Review.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I *still* think that retort I gave Oliver Cromwell was rather clever."

TOO PRACTICAL

IN "DIALOGUE WITH THE AUDIENCE" (*SR* Nov. 22) John Ciardi has discovered one of the most serious faults of people: they are too practical. Because they are constantly seeking the simplest and most understandable, they fail to appreciate the richness of modern poetry.

ABBIE STEIN.
Metuchen, N. J.

DISTINCTIVE INTELLIGENCE

CONTRAST THE TYPICAL drool which issues from the critic's pen with the stuff that Ciardi writes and *SR* must wonder at its luck. He is not pedantic. He has a sense of humor. And he is intelligent. It is particularly this last quality I like.

ARTHUR W. SHERWOOD.
Baltimore, Md.

REPAIRMAN

I HAVE FOUND the ideal job for Ciardi—repairman for the big IBM computers. He could take those brokendown, droopy, unsoldered circuits in an ailing brain and make haywire sense flow through them. Maybe no other person in the world could make sense out of the mess, but I'm *positive* Ciardi could.

ROBERT LABOUR.
Sand Lake, Mich.

REPULSIVE ATTRACTION

CIARDI IS AMAZING. His articles analyzing Lindbergh, Frost, and Stevens have all the repulsive attraction and depth of the routine TV Western.

R. S. PICARD, M.D.
Shreveport, La.

FRESH UNIVERSALITY

How interesting Ciardi is! He dares anything, and makes points that are surprising in their fresh universality. I should have known everything he said all along, but I didn't and thank God he said it. May he be with *SR* many years.

RICHARD PERREAU-SAUSSINE.
Los Angeles, Calif.

PROMETHEUS OLD-HAT?

I HAVE LONG WAITED for Ciardi to define just what he understands by the term "poetry." As I dig him, a poem is a literary composition that is unmelodious, unrhythmical, and whose meaning, if any, is obscure—obscure by design. It is ruled out as poetry if it appeals to, or expresses, any noble or heroic spirit or sentiment. It differs from a cryptogram in that a cryptogram can usually be solved after intensive study. It differs from prose in being printed in the form of stanzas rather than in sentences and paragraphs. Its dominant tone is one of discord.

ALBERT R. MARTIN.
St. Joseph, Mich.

PROQUEST 2005 BY UMI GMBH
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center • CI 6-4600
"AUNTIE MAME"
Starring
ROSALIND RUSSELL
co-starring
FORREST TUCKER
CORAL BROWNE • FRED CLARK
Screenplay by
BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN
from the novel "Auntie Mame" by Patrick Dennis
Directed by MORTON DaCOSTA
A WARNER BROS. Picture
Filmed in TECHNIRAMA®
Color by TECHNICOLOR®
THE MUSIC HALL'S GREAT CHRISTMAS STAGE SHOW
"The Nativity"
Far-famed pageant of the first Christmas, featuring famed Columbus Boychoir . . . and
"CHEERS"
Gala holiday revue, produced by Leonidoff, featuring wondrous underseas spectacle with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Symphony Orchestra and guest artists.

Great as Ever—DON'T MISS IT!
LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL
PULITZER PRIZE 1958
and
DRAMA CRITICS CIRCLE AWARD
Eves. 8:40, Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40
BARRYMORE Theatre
243 W. 47th St., N.Y.

"A WALLOPING HIT!" —ASTON, World-Tele.
The New Musical
FLOWER DRUM SONG
ST. JAMES, 44 St. W. Of B'y Mats. Wed. & Sat.

HOW TO ENRICH YOUR CHILD'S EDUCATION
Enrich your child's school work with Calvert's famous home-study courses. Kindergarten—8th grade: history, geography, arithmetic, science, poetry, cultural subjects, skills, etc. Ideal way to enrich educational experience of superior child. Teaching manual for parents. 53rd yr. Non-profit. Free catalog.
CALVERT SCHOOL
The School That Comes to You
330 Tuscany Rd., Baltimore 10, Md.

THE PHOENIX NEST

Edited by Martin Levin

WINTER IS ICUMEN IN

WINTER is icumen in,
Loud sing kerchoo.
Bloweth wind and spreadeth germ,
Flieth hat from head askew—
Sing kerchoo!

Winter is icumen in,
Loud sing kerchoo.
Breaketh back with pushing snow,
Freezeth nose while lips go blue—
Snort kerchoo!

—BRADFORD SMITH.

• • •

AN OPEN LETTER TO REX HARRISON

(*"A martini is like a play. It can be terribly good or terribly poor."—Rex Harrison in current advertisements.*)

WELL, Rex old boy, let's bat this thing around for a couple of minutes. I realize you were in a bit of a spot for an analogy—after all, there you are in show business, not the suspender business, so naturally you had to say that a martini was like a play, not a pair of suspenders. (I'd like to carry that suspender notion a bit further, if you have time . . . "both have lots of snap" . . . things like that. I don't suppose you ever could claim that a martini holds your pants up.)

Of course you might have come out and said that a martini is like your appendix, because you can't sit on either one of them. But some smart alex would have written in that he had had his appendix taken out, dropped it into a martini, then sat on both of them at the same time. Touche!

So you played safe and said that a martini was like a play. Now as I understand it, a martini has an olive in it. Is this true of a play? Of course, it could have Olive Deering in it, or Olive Wyndham, or Olive Reeves Smith, but how often does that happen? It could even have Olivier in it, but let's not try to get funny. The dramatic critics—anyhow, the good ones—don't like jokes this season. This brings me to the fact that when you bring a martini to New York, the boys don't dream of criticizing it. They just drink it.

The Martini's the Thing

Or let's say you're opening a martini in Wilmington, just for a try-out. Do you call up Moss Hart and ask him to come down and take a swig at it, just to see what he thinks? I know Mr. Hart pretty well, and I don't think he wants to come down to Wilmington and sit up all night in a hotel bedroom—not over one martini, anyhow.

Incidentally, I notice from the photograph in the advertisement that your martini doesn't have an olive in it at all—it has a twist of lemon peel in it. This gives Mr. Hart an out on that trip to Wilmington—he suggests that you try twisting the lemon peel to the left instead of the right, and see how that works.

Mind you, I don't really blame you for saying that a martini is like a play, because you certainly know a lot about plays. You just don't know anything about martinis.

—GEORGE S. KAUFMAN.

• • •

A PARABLE FOR THE GRUNTLE

AS A punishment for certain incendiary activities, Prometheus was ordered chained to a rock in the Caucasus. He was assigned a vulture to peck at his liver on a nine-to-five basis, and those were the days before coffee breaks.

"Do you like your work?" said Prometheus one day, apropos of nothing except a slight tickling of the bile duct.

The vulture looked up and thought a minute. "Well," he said, "it's a living."

"I mean, don't you wonder where it's getting you? Don't you feel sometimes that life is passing you by, just sitting here day after day and pecking away and getting nowhere?"

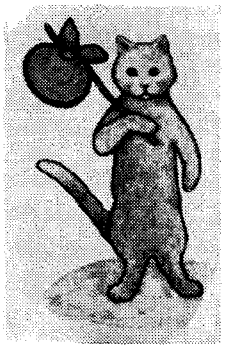
Prometheus paused to take a breath. "Don't you wonder, sometimes, if you couldn't make some fuller use of your capabilities?"

"I believe," said the vulture primly, "that whatever is worth doing is worth doing well." He gave Prometheus a dirty look and went back to work. But he stayed an hour overtime that day, worked clean through the liver, and got a good start on the pyloric sphincter. Prometheus continued to think improving thoughts, but he was careful to do so in silence.

—J. NOVICK.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books for Young People



—From "Boats Finds a House."

A BOOK is an appropriate gift for a child to mark any anniversary or occasion or "just because," but it takes on special significance if it is associated with holiday giving. Wrapped in festive paper and put under the Christmas tree, or, if small enough, tucked in the top of a stocking, it promises long-time pleasures.

Reviewers for this issue: Ruth Hewitt Hamilton, The Library School, Pratt Institute; Alice Brooks McGuire, librarian, Casis Elementary School, Austin, Tex.; Aileen O'Brien Murphy, children's literature specialist, The New York Public Library, and Lucile W. Raley, consultant in library service, Waco, Tex., Independent School District.

—Frances Lander Spain,
Coordinator, Children's Services, The New York Public Library.

CHOUCHOU. *Story and pictures by Françoise. Scribners.* $2.95. This appealing story of a little gray donkey is told in brief text and pictures in gay, fresh colors. Chouchou, a photographer's prop, is beloved of all the people who had their pictures taken with him. Once he bit a little boy's finger—not hard and not on purpose—but because of this he had to be shut in jail. The children were sad and set about proving that it had all been a mistake. When Chouchou was released so many people wanted their pictures taken that the photographer made enough money to get married. Of course, Chouchou, with a lovely bow of ribbon in his mane and on his tail, was among the wedding guests. The simplicity of Françoise's story and its childlike quality make this, as her other books, perfect to use with the youngest children.

—Frances Lander Spain.

THE CAT IN THE HAT COMES BACK! *By Dr. Seuss. Random House.* $1.95. *School edition, Houghton Mifflin.* $1.60. When Dr. Seuss wrote "The Cat in the Hat" last year he inaugurated a new era in readers. Now in this second story of the famous cat he tells another hilarious tale in pictures and easy-to-read rhymes.

Though this cleverly incorporates the alphabet, it is not an ABC book.

—F.L.S.

BOATS FINDS A HOUSE. *Story and pictures by Mary Chalmers. Harper.* $1.50. Mary Chalmers continues to write and illustrate small books for little children. They have simple stories and are easy for little hands to hold. In this one, Boats, a ship's cat, wants to find a house on land and settle down. The difficulties he encounters, the household effects he acquires, and the house he finally locates make a story that ends happily.

—F. L. S.

CIRCUS IN THE JUNGLE. *Story and pictures by Denise and Alain Trez. World.* $3. This madcap, pretend story of two children, Pat and Virginia, who share the adventures of a jungle circus, will amuse and entertain children in any elementary classroom or library reading room. There is opportunity for good nature study, too. The make-believe circus experience involves such animals as the camel, parrot, panther, boa constrictor, kangaroo, and whale. This clever, well-written story is supported from beginning to end by numerous illustrations done in four colors.

—Lucile W. Raley.

HOME: The Tale of a Mouse. *By Miriam Schlein. Illustrated by E. Harper Johnson. Abelard-Schuman.* $2.50. In soft greens and browns Mr. Johnson has illustrated this story of a mouse that built a nest, but realized something was missing. He tried to add nuts, string, twigs, everything he could find, but he still had the feeling that his nest was not complete. During a heavy rain another mouse came seeking shelter, and it was then that he knew that his home was just right.

—F.L.S.

THE FAMILY UNDER THE BRIDGE. *By Natalie Savage Carlson. Illustrated by Garth Williams. Harper.* $2.95. A gruff old hobo with the proverbial heart of gold is taken over by a family of three little children and their widowed mother in this story laid in Paris. With the wonderful assurance that children often have, the three Calcets attach themselves to old Armand and thereby cause a revolution in his way of life.

So subtly do they accomplish this that he glories in the change from his hobo winter quarters under a bridge across the Seine to the three-room apartment that goes with his new job as caretaker. Much Gallic humor and a fair amount of sentiment spark the text and Garth Williams's full-page illustrations.

—F. L. S.

BETSY'S WINTERHOUSE. *Written and illustrated by Carolyn Haywood. Morrow.* $2.95. Popular Betsy and her friends appear again in this story, which is as fresh and entertaining as the earlier ones. Eight- to ten-year-olds find these stories simple enough to read readily, and the characters and their activities amusing, realistic, and absorbing. Adults will recognize this author's ability to interpret young children with humor and warm understanding.

—Ruth Hewitt Hamilton.

HECTOR THE STOWAWAY DOG. *By Kenneth Dodson. Illustrated by Peter Spier. Little, Brown.* $3. This story of how a devoted terrier, trained to life at sea aboard a Dutch freighter, misses his ship and crosses the Pacific as a stowaway to rejoin his master seems unbelievable, but it is nevertheless true. The author has taken a short account of the incident, which appeared in the *Reader's Digest*, and developed it into an exciting and moving tale of a Dutch boy whose love of dogs and the sea brings him many interesting adventures throughout his whole life.

Children will rate this book as worthy of a place beside "Lassie

—From "Chouchou."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Come-Home" among their perennial favorites. Teachers and librarians, looking for good read-aloud material equally acceptable to boys and girls, should add this to their list.

—ALICE BROOKS MCGUIRE.

TERRY SETS SAIL. *By Louise Lee Floethe. Illustrated by Richard Floethe. Harper.* $2. When Great Uncle Silas gave his young nephew a beautiful little blue boat in which to sail through his summer vacation, Terry began to dream of wonderful adventures to come. He would have his courage tested, find a treasure, help someone in trouble, and rescue a boat in distress. His uncle thought this was a pretty big order for such a small pair of sailors, but in a surprising way Terry achieved his four goals. This is a happy story with plenty of action and suspense. Best of all, it provides comfortable fare for early readers just beginning to seek a "long" story.

—A. B. McG.

THE HORSE MARINES. *By Anna Rose Wright. Illustrated by Ursula Koering. Houghton Mifflin.* $2.75. The combination of four lively children, a sailboat renovated by the sweat of their brow, and a roly-poly pony who doubles as an auxiliary motor promises not only a memorable summer vacation but also an exciting and readable tale for ten-year-olds. The Tyler children and their friend, Pete, have enough initiative and individuality to provide plenty of story action, but when an old hermit and the challenging mystery of the disappearing anchors are added, little salesmanship will be needed to insure the popularity of this book.

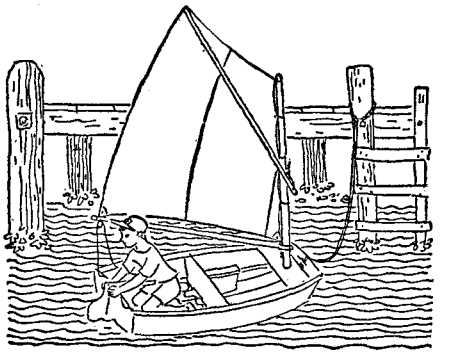
The author's understanding of children and rare sense of humor have been captured successfully in the action-filled, black-and-white illustrations of Ursula Koering.

—A. B. McG.

THE AIR FORCE: From Civilian to Airman. *By Lawrence C. Ladis. Illustrated by James E. Bama.* **THE NAVY: From Civilian to Sailor.** *By Keith Robertson. Illustrated by Charles Geer. Both, Viking.* $2. These two new books complete the Armed Services Library, of which "The Army," "The Coast Guard," and "The Marine Corps" were published earlier this year. "The Air Force" and "The Navy," written and illustrated by men with service records, explain to boys from teen-age up, to parents, and to counselors what these branches of the Armed Services offer. All facts are substantiated. Basic information covers plans for enlistment, discipline for recruits, courses in technical training, paths to commissions, leave, pay, and other benefits. Black-and-white pen-and-ink drawings add understanding and give relief to the factual text.

—L. W. R.

THE GOLDEN IMPALA. *By Pamela Ropner. Illustrated by Ralph Thompson. Criterion.* $3.25. Familiarity with the Taluki Game Reserve in South Africa and respect for its role in preserving wild animals from extinction give value to this rather melodramatic story of a white boy who becomes the leading actor in a legendary native drama. Twelve-year-old Peter, whose father is the warden of the Reserve, joins with an African companion in saving the golden impala and his herd from wholesale slaughter at the hands of poachers, who covet their horns to use in a formula for counterfeiting pearls. The writing is good, and the story has pace and excitement.



—From "Terry Sets Sail."

—AILEEN O'BRIEN MURPHY.

16mm Films

"FOOTHOLD IN ANTARCTICA" (21 min., color), a very fine record of the preliminary journey of the Theron to establish a base camp for the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition; like Ponting's 1910 film of the Scott expedition (which consciously or not it sometimes uses as a model), it is strikingly photographed and has a real sense of adventure. Released by the British Information Services and available for rental and sale from Contemporary Films, 267 W. 25th St., New York 1, N.Y.

"SWAMP" (10 min., color), a lovely photographic study of wildlife in a Minnesota marsh and an effective wordless "message" about the needless destruction of nature, with an unusual flute and drum accompaniment; created by Allen Downs, art and photography professor; distributed by the A-V Education Service, Wesbrook Hall, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis 14, Minn.

"LEGISLATIVE REPORTER" (20 min.), an informative account of the daily work of a political reporter assigned to the state capital, with indirect information on the workings of state government and the importance of a free press; directed and co-written by Robert W. Wagner; distributed by the Motion Picture Division, Ohio State University, Room 4, Brown Hall, Columbus 10, Ohio.

"INNOCENTS ABROAD" (18 min., color), designed to give prospective tourists some idea of the benefits of planning their trips with a travel agent, and to show the possible perils of heading into unfamiliar territory without plans or information. Produced by Richard de Rochemont for the American Society of Travel Agents; available to armchair travelers free of charge from Sterling-Movies USA, 43 West 61st St., New York 23, N.Y.

THE RIVAL WORLD (27 min., color). Man's determined struggle against insects is expertly and excitingly reported here with the aid of detailed close-up photography and such extraordinary sequences as a head-on airplane flight into a horde of locusts. Produced by Stuart Legg, directed by Bert Haanstra; available for free loan from the American office of the sponsoring Shell Oil Company, 50 W. 50th St., New York 20, N. Y.

INTRODUCTORY PHYSICS. This huge series of 162 half-hour classroom lectures and lab demonstrations on film is designed for senior high school or first-year college use and is taught by Dr. Harvey White of the University of California. Shot while Dr. White was presenting a daily educational TV course in Pittsburgh, the films have certain static and unpolished qualities, but these are more than compensated by Dr. White's excellent presentation and his intense interest in his material and his unseen students.

Available for purchase in color or black-and-white from Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, 1150 Wilmette Ave., Wilmette, Ill.

NOTE: Walt Disney's "Man in Space" (35 min.) and "Our Friend the Atom" (50 min.), both in color, are now available for long-lease from Walt Disney Productions, 16mm Division, 2400 Alameda Ave., Burbank, Calif. The Frank Capra hour-long TV films, "Our Mr. Sun" and "Hemo the Magnificent," are also available for purchase and free loan from local offices of the sponsoring Bell Telephone System.

—CECILE STARR.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Untender Nights

THE battles a writer fights with himself are the hardest to make interesting or dramatic to anyone else. But in their new play, **"The Disenchanted,"** Budd Schulberg and Harvey Breit have, with admirable stubbornness, set out to dramatize these battles as honestly as they know how to. For this purpose they have selected Manley Halliday, the foremost novelist of the Twenties, who has faded into oblivion in the Thirties. The play follows Mr. Halliday through a tortured week in which he tries to write a screen treatment for a Hollywood producer in order to make enough money to allow him to finish his greatest novel.

Because Mr. Halliday's method of work is to root around in memories of the past, the play uses random flashbacks of Halliday's Jazz Age existence with his beautiful but impractical wife, Jere, to illustrate how memories can be both the writer's need and his nuisance. Balanced against the troublesome past is the nauseating climate the 1939 present offers a good writer. To epitomize the poisonous industrialization of the arts, the play draws its Hollywood producer, Victor Milgrim, as "a stone wall that smiles." Milgrim is not a villain. He is the externalization of modern man's growing capacity for creating inhumanity.

Under David Pressman's direction, the play cautiously avoids becoming epic in size. Thus the flashback scenes with Jere, though nicely acted by a Rosemary Harris who kept reminding us of a young Judith Anderson, seem unnecessary, except as footnotes to suggest some of the possible personal reasons for one writer's collapse. This one writer—and the details make it virtually impossible to comply with Mr. Breit's published plea to regard him as a composite—is, of course, Scott Fitzgerald.

The scenes in the present are more universal, thanks to a harrowingly intense performance by Jason Robards, Jr., who plays Manley Halliday. Being an actor of extraordinary integrity, Mr. Robards knows first-hand the difficulties of keeping one's art clean, and at the same time remaining unpretentious enough to accept the conditions and responsibilities the world imposes. He is able to translate this into an internal fire which seems to burn a just barely alive man into ashes before our eyes.

Along the way he must say numerous truisms about writing and Mr. Robards does these with a terseness and memo-to-himself quality which challenges pedanticism. He also has one glorious chance to defend the Twenties which he does with love and anger, if not with sorrow. And, in the last act Mr. Robards resists the poetry in "After a while you don't count the years, you count the number of your disenchantments," to the extent that we feel it is part of a natural conversation.

GEORGE GRIZZARD as Shep Stearns the young scriptwriter who worships Halliday's writing, but who despises his lack of social responsibility, likewise keeps his character relatively free from fatuousness. Jason Robards, Sr. catches the exasperation and the quiet patience which are the lot of an intelligent editor. Whitfield Conner's producer is an appropriate combina-

The ways of love are many...some tender, some violent, some "forbidden"!
THEY'RE ALL HERE IN THIS MOTION PICTURE!
HECHT-HILL-LANCASTER present THE MOST EXCITING CAST IN THE BOLDEST STORY EVER FILMED!
DEBORAH KERR
RITA HAYWORTH
DAVID NIVEN
AND
BURT LANCASTER
THE INTERNATIONAL STAGE SUCCESS SEEN BY MORE THAN 42 MILLION PEOPLE IN 145 CITIES ALL OVER THE WORLD!
SEPARATE TABLES
with WENDY HILLER · GLADYS COOPER · CATHLEEN NESBITT · FELIX AYLMER · ROD TAYLOR · AUDREY DALTON
Produced by HAROLD HECHT · Screenplay by TERENCE RATTIGAN and JOHN GAY · BASED ON A PLAY BY TERENCE RATTIGAN · Directed by DELBERT MANN · MUSIC BY DAVID RAKSIN · A CLIFTON PRODUCTIONS, INC. PICTURE · Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
NOW PLAYING AT THE FOLLOWING THEATRES
ASTOR and NORMANDIE THEATERS, New York · COLUMBIA, Washington, D.C.
OPENS DECEMBER 25
STATE LAKE, Chicago · FOX BEVERLY, Los Angeles

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of suavity and thinly-disguised self-concern.

While we appreciate the conviction of the performances and particularly that of Mr. Robards, Jr., we recognize the play's unfulfilled need to break out of a naturalistic convention and create with vividness the world around Halliday, not as it superficially is, but as it might appear to a man being consumed alive by its hostile forces. For now "The Disenchanted" adds up to little more than a series of footnotes to Fitzgerald's biography, some inconclusive conjectures to suggest the source of the writer's "disease of silence," and a final revelation which is exactly the one Halliday states in the opening scene.

SOMEWHERE in "The Disenchanted" Manley Halliday explains the Jazz Age by saying, "We had a war to end all wars. We discovered how hollow that was, so we decided to have a party to end all parties." The current equivalent of Halliday's lost generation is the beat generation and it is similarly explained in Michael Gazzo's new play, **"The Night Circus."** One of the characters says, "I don't like to get personal. You know what personal things are today—like stand up and scream at a wall and listen to that silence that bounces back! Scream . . . and get nothing back. Never before has man been made insignificant . . . impotent like today's man. It's big. One wild dog turned loose in the field . . . and . . . we all blink our eyes for the last look. Buddy, I'm an insensitive sonofabitch, and I'm going to stay that way."

The leading characters of "The Night Circus" are a casual fraternity of "beat" drinking companions who like to gather together and "get the wild man going." They all treasure their independence and regard the world as "the Great Big Park the Big Guys give us to play in."

But Mr. Gazzo also shows us the dependent people. One husband whose wife is "a born destroyer"; another, who knows that his wife has been unfaithful to him many times, but prefers not to admit it even to himself; and a third practical and unimaginative young executive who is about to marry a country club type of girl. Mr. Gazzo implies that these people don't get much fun out of life, but that they are more adult than the irresponsible set.

The play is put in motion when the young lady, Daphne, decides to run out on her marriage and spend a night in the hay with a freeswinging merchant seaman named Joy. But the next day when Joy finds out that Daphne is already one month pregnant and plans to have an abortion, he finds himself breaking their contract of mutual independence to try and persuade Daphne to have the baby. This awakening stems from the fact that his own mother tried to get rid of him by drinking turpentine. However, this plot of love and abortion seems to concern Mr. Gazzo less than does Joy's arrival at an adult sense of responsibility.

Frank Corsaro directs the action with uninhibited inventiveness. As Joy, Ben Gazzara gives another of his jazzy "go where it goes" renditions. Arthur Storch's quietly desperate commuter, Al Lewis's beleaguered bar-owner; and Patricia Roe, who plays a lady described as "not a whore, just a liberal-minded model," are all memorable. Janice Rule brings her rare beauty plus fully expressed emotion to the part of Daphne, but somehow her characterization fluctuates so that we never are able to get a reading on her. Does she stand for the modern girl who instead of blossoming into becoming a good wife and mother selfishly lives in a fairyland of affairs?

But the play also presents Daphne as a girl with purity of spirit, a

"CRASHING OUT OF THE SCREEN...

A FORTHRIGHT DRAMA THAT MAKES YOU FEEL AND, IN FEELING, THINK.

(It) comes at you with the zip and smash of an angry fist. Smartly written, exquisitely directed, superbly played by Susan Hayward... it gets ideas across with a maximum of vivid action and a minimum of useless words. For the first hour or so it builds up pressure. Then suddenly... the fist starts coming at you... slowly at first... then it comes sharp in the midriff ... and it pounds you unmercifully." — Bosley Crowther, N. Y. Times

SUSAN HAYWARD

"I want to Live!"

"Devastating Dramatic Impact... SUSAN HAYWARD Gives A Profound And Penetrating Performance... One Of The Best Of The Year!" — Paul V. Beckley N. Y. Herald Tribune

Original Jazz Score by JOHN MANDEL · As Played by Gerry Mulligan, Shelley Manne, Art Farmer, Bud Shank, Red Mitchell and An All-Star Jazz Orchestra

Simon Oakland · Virginia Vincent · Theodore Bikel · Wesley Lau Screen Play by NELSON GIDDING and DON MANKIEWICZ

Directed by ROBERT WISE · Produced by WALTER WANGER · A FIGARO, INC. Presentation · Released thru UA UNITED ARTISTS

☆ NOW PLAYING ☆

VICTORIA, New York
STATE LAKE, Chicago
FOX BEVERLY, L.A.

Watch for other openings around the country during Christmas and New Year's weeks.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

passion for the truth, and legitimately rebellious against her pathetic family. If it is Mr. Gazzo's point to demonstrate for us a new sense of values he has done it much too unsurely. "The Night Circus" emerges as an unsatisfying and self-contradictory play.

A FLOWER-DRUM song is a simple Chinese ditty sung by a girl who after each stanza does a polite grind and pats out a rhythm on a tiny drum upon whose face is painted a flower. In the new Rodgers and Hammerstein musical based on C. Y. Lee's book, **"The Flower Drum Song,"** one such ditty becomes the magic force that sweeps the story through its mass of improbable contretemps. "A hundred million miracles happen every day" is the thought sung by Mei Li, the innocent Chinese girl who has come to San Francisco in order to fulfill an arranged marriage. That this girl with simple faith and good-heartedness should also find love and wealth is a miracle that every musical comedy-goer accepts.

But Joseph Fields who adapted the book, and Oscar Hammerstein who fashioned the lyrics, do not seem to trust miracles. There must also be slightly-worn jokes, numbers to exhibit the talents of the show's stars, and worst of all a leaden air of reasonableness. Indeed the musical's best moment comes when this reasonableness is temporarily discarded and Miyoshi Umeki as Mei Li and Larry Blyden as her unwanted fiancé break into a warmly comic duet and dance to the song "Don't Marry Me." Here one suspects the hand of director Gene Kelly.

Designer Oliver Smith, who shows his talent with a stylish exterior of Golden Gate Bridge, becomes too fussy and literal when he prepares interiors and close-ups. The scenery constantly gets in the way of the show. The cast is a mixture of races and gives us too much of the quasi-Chinese stereotypes and too little genuine Chinese or even Chinese-American charm. There are exceptions, of course. Patrick Adiarte is delightful as an Americanized young Chinese boy. Under the guidance of choreographer Carol Haney, his two short dance numbers momentarily raise the show to a first-class level.

Mr. Rodgers's music is not terribly original or bright, but it is soundly composed and snatches of "A Hundred Million Miracles," "Don't Marry Me," and "Sunday" are apt to stay with you after you have left the theatre. But "The Flower Drum Song" has turned the promise of a delicate Chinese dish into uninspired chop suey.

—HENRY HEWES.

TV AND RADIO

Is Luce for Light?

UNDER the dramatic title "TV: The Light that Failed," *Fortune* Magazine has recently published not only an analysis of the present illness of Henry R. Luce's chief competitor for advertising revenue, but also an obituary and a prophecy. Recalling its penetration into the future seven years ago, when "in a broad look at television" (which however bore the title of "TV's Time of Trouble") it predicted that the industry would create its own movie-material if the Hollywood potentates wouldn't cooperate, *Fortune* now finds pay-TV in the crystal ball. With the sweet reasonableness of one who sees a rival sprain his ankle—in 1958, for the first time, television is having a bad year —*Fortune* says: "One thing for sure, a potentially magnificent medium is not going to be kept in a state of continual adolescence on the notion that because the public can get shoddy merchandise free, it won't pay to get quality merchandise elsewhere."

I, too, in the delicious moment that comes between sleep and waking, a moment half dream, half wish, have imagined 50 million people turning away from "This Is Your Life" and dropping fifty-cent pieces in the Pay-TV slot to follow the ninth instalment of "The Life of Charles Darwin." Fully awake (several hours later) I discover that no one concerned with Pay-TV is even planning to do the life of Fiorello La Guardia; everyone is planning to transmit baseball games, movies fresher in date than "Citizen Kane" but not nearly as good, and whatever else people will pay most to see.

Fortune's analysis (by Richard Austin Smith) itself points out the fallacy of the argument that competition creates quality. Part of the current misery of the TV industry comes from the arrival of ABC as a functioning network dividing the audience pie into three, instead of two segments. Costs of programs, vastly exaggerated, were established on the basis of two competitors, and the situation is even worse than *Fortune* indicates because the shadowy network of stations transmitting re-runs and horror movies also cuts in heavily. The notation that another competitor, demanding payment, will be compelled to offer merchandise of higher quality has no base in experience. There are better movies than those shown on the air at most neighborhood movie-houses, but the houses close down for lack of paying customers, and newspapers, which have to be paid for, fold and die although they offer news more copiously and intelligently than most local stations afford. And, as the publishers of *Fortune* know, magazines are fighting desperately to hold circulation. Exception, of course, for *TV Guide*.

For a time I was puzzled by my faint dislike of *Fortune*'s description of the state into which television has fallen. For the most part it says what Bob Shayon and Jack Gould and John Crosby and a few others, including myself, have been saying for five years —that TV has got into a rut faster than any other popular entertainment, that mediocrity reproduces itself, that the talents (from Pat Weaver to Paddy Chayevsky) leave the business or are thrown out. The added element is that mediocrity (only now, for the first time) isn't paying off. Or, rather, the new element is the judgment that TV can be a successful merchant of thirty-cent articles, but nothing much else. The advance demand for the Edsel based on newspaper and magazine ads was estimated at nearly 200,000 cars. After it was shown on TV, the demand dropped to 88,000. To most of us this would mean that once the Edsel was really shown the public didn't want it—and this is born out by the fact that only some 53,000 cars were sold. To *Fortune* and to Albert Sindlinger, who supplied the figures, it means that you can't sell cars by using TV, which will be news to those manufacturers of Mercury and Lincoln who have sponsored Ed Sullivan for a decade. (They are also the makers of Edsel.)

The chief objection I have is to the assumption that the networks all by themselves have led us into mediocrity and all by themselves will keep us there until we are led out of it by the superior quality of Pay-TV. That is not the situation and it is not the way of salvation. Magazines and our other cultural institutions—our newspapers and book publishers and schools and colleges, our clergy and our organizers of adult education who have a stake in the mass media—none of them is safe if we merely shift the burdens and the blessings of mass entertainment from one set of hands to another. We have to create the real countervailing power which is a new kind of public demand.

—GILBERT SELDES.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

West Side Story

The Berlin Hilton—"a glitter of lights and darkness beyond."

BERLIN.

FOR Room 1125 in the Berlin Hilton, five city blocks from the border of the Soviet sector, I was the first guest to turn the key. Out the large windows there was, in the early evening of that winter Saturday, only the faintest glimmer of light in the famed Berlin Zoo which is the hotel's neighbor. Beyond the lakes, the cages, and the wooded paths, the signboards of Berlin's White Way flared on the Kurfürstendamm. If you pushed the button of your room radio you could get the frenzy of the Army-Navy game being played 4,000 miles away, broadcast by the Armed Forces Radio Network. From the zoo came the occasional klaxon of a seal playing in a darkened pool. The tension of Berlin as Khrushchev tightened the strings was noiseless and heavy.

Downstairs, in the hallways of Italian marble, the guests who had flown from California and New York were filtering into the Golden City Bar, a sophisticated saloon lined with gold leaf and gilded sculptings of some symbolic metropolis. Then the doors parted and a glittering restaurant stood waiting, the waiters poised with napkins on the arm to serve that first, long-rehearsed meal. The orchestra, for no apparent reason, was playing "Lullaby in Birdland." Conrad Hilton came in with Virginia Warren, daughter of the Chief Justice of the United States, on his arm. And later, limbo dancers from Trinidad showed Berliners how to dance gingerly under a barrier that was continually being lowered.

We went out into the West Berlin night, to smoky dens like the Eden Saloon and Charlie's Bar. We talked of Dulles's suggestion a few days before that the U.S. might deal with the East Germans, considering them as agents of the Soviet Union. For all intents and purposes, that statement seemed in West Germany to signify the beginning of the Allied withdrawal from Berlin. Clay Felker, of *Esquire,* in Bonn to interview West German leaders, met Dr. Carlo Schmid, vice president of the Bundestag, just after Schmid had been reading the Dulles statement. He was ashen.

Later that night we talked with a cabdriver as he piloted his Mercedes through the darkened streets, and he said, "You *Amis* make big advertising about your *Explorer.* It weighs fifteen kilos. The Russian *Sputnik* weighs 1,500 kilos. One fine day we will get a Dear John letter from you. You *Amis* don't want a new war."

If that was our intention, we said, then why would Hilton have opened this big new hotel. It has 350 rooms and cost $6½ million. Said the cabbie, "Das ist für die Katz," which is to say, that it is for the birds. "He will get his money back from Morgenthau, or that other one, Baruch."

The next morning, in the cold and the gray, there was a dedication ceremony in front of the hotel. Leo Carillo, who had made the trip from California, attended in his cowboy suit and $100 cowboy hat of genuine beaver, but it was so cold he had to wear an overcoat over the suit. He opened it now and then for the photographers. In his speech, Hilton said he had looked out over the Brandenburg Gate from the top of the hotel that morning and he hoped that the East Berliners and East Germany would some day be proud of the hotel and the "fierce freedom for which it stands." He said it was no luxury hotel, but a hotel for all the people.

Then a selected crowd—indeed it seemed like *all the people*—swarmed into the lobby floor and attacked giant roasts of beef and apple cider and champagne. The headline that morning on the Paris edition of the *New York Herald-Tribune* said, "Nixon Says U.S. Policy on Berlin 'Absolutely' Has Not Been Altered." Gaston Coblentz cabled from Berlin that "Vice-President Richard M. Nixon today informed the disappointed West Berlin government that he could not manage to fly here from Britain before returning to the United States." Mr. Nixon's message from London, in answer to an invitation which Willy Brandt, the mayor of West Berlin, had telegraphed to the Vice-President, pleaded "prior commitments." Brandt seemed desperately to need a reassertion of the West's intentions after the shaking effect of the Dulles statement earlier in the week.

The luncheon that afternoon was divided. The ladies went to the Hilton's Ambassador Room to eat *Suprème de Volaille Sautée au Calvados* and watch a fashion show, and the men went to the Rotisserie to listen to Willy Brandt, Hilton, and the U.S. Ambassador to Germany, David K. E. Bruce. Hilton began by thanking the men of West Berlin and West Germany for their cooperation with the people of the Hilton Corporation. He said, "We have had a good team—and today the team has won." "That's the Eisenhower syndrome," said a man at my table.

Hilton mentioned some of his German ancestors. He brought up John Jacob Astor and the Waldorf-Astoria. He thanked the assemblage for the "Eisenhowers you sent us and the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hoovers." He hastened to add Anheuser Busch, Pabst, and Schlitz. He quoted John Foster Dulles, who last spring told the Berlin legislature that everyone who wants to understand the significance of the worldwide struggle must visit Berlin or read its postwar history. If Willy Brandt was wincing at the mention of Dulles it didn't show. Hilton said the hotel was a symbol of the world's confidence in ultimate unification. He said if Hilton Hotels was not positive of this they would not have gone ahead. He said men of goodwill everywhere look forward to the "great day when your nation is united."

Willy Brandt is a man of strong jaw and smiling face who went to live in Norway when the Nazis came to power. His Norwegian is flawless. He is a Social Democrat. When he got up to speak the words came in clear English. "I want to tell you," he said, "how grateful I am for those inspiring words." He said the press may have noticed that there was a discussion between Ambassador Bruce and himself during lunch, and that the press may have concluded that there was a misunderstanding. He said he wanted to point out, before being asked about it, that there are "no misunderstandings among us. There is no difference of opinion between our American friends and our government." He said we would get through the difficulties that faced Berlin. "As far as unification is concerned, Mr. Hilton," he added, "we have to limit ourselves to unification with the great Hilton organization. Our friends abroad may be sure that free Berlin will go on with its reconstruction, its fight for freedom and human dignity."

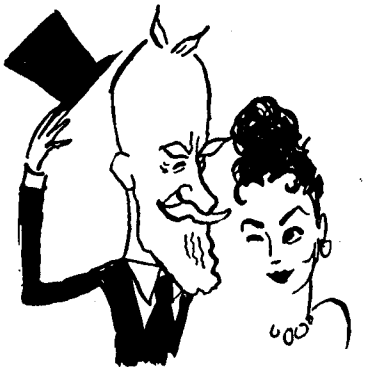
Then Mr. Bruce, who was formerly Ambassador to France, drew his tall frame together, got up clutching a flimsy sheet of paper, and said, "I wish things were as simple as the governing mayor had presented them. Although we are in perfect accord in principle, I must reserve to myself how we apply that principle." Then while all the room strove to digest those perplexing words he read his paper. In seventeen short lines he said the hotel was a symbol of the permanence "attributed by the Western World to the freedom of West Berlin." He said it was a shining contrast to "those partially repaired or shattered hulks of what were once hotels in East Berlin, whose people have been restrained, by alien control over their standard of living from the restoration of their traditional places of entertainment." Finally he said the foreign friends who helped Berlin in past crises to preserve its integrity and freedom would not fail it now.

That evening the governing mayor, still smiling with that amiable half smile, stood with his wife in the rotunda of the Charlottenburg Castle, the country residence of the Prussian kings built in 1695, and greeted the Hiltons, the babes from the Hollywoods, and the American press. If Ambassador Bruce was there I never saw him, but the French Ambassador François Seydoux made a great show of solidarity by laughing, gesticulating, and posing with Brandt, setting off a summer's storm of flash bulbs. A story buzzed through the crowd about the exchange between Brandt and Bruce earlier that afternoon. Brandt is supposed to have said, "I used English to be polite. The Ambassador used it to be impolite."

From the floodlit Charlottenburg Castle, with its baroque statue of the Great Elector triumphant in the courtyard, the Hilton party rode off to the opera to see "Tales of Hoffmann." In black tie and rustling ballgowns they swept into the Staatsoper. Mr. Carillo, in deference to the formality of the occasion, wore a black cowboy suit with white trimmings. In his box Melchior sang softly, but not always to himself. Between the acts the elegant Americans chomped on hot dogs, swilled beer, and tried to decode the English-language libretto that had been especially prepared for their visit: "In the company of beautiful Giulietta and hearing the tune of the barcarole Hoffmann enjoys the charm of Venice. Giulietta, a fascinating courtesan, is in the power of demoniac Dapertutto. At his command and under his influence she had already obtained for him the shadow of Schlemihl, one of her lovers. . . ."

The next morning the correspondents covering the opening of the hotel were advised that they had been denied permission by the East German regime to take the day's tour to Potsdam which lies beyond the Soviet sector and is within the limits of the DDR, or Deutsche Demokratische Republik. Wives of correspondents were also excluded, but the DDR had no objection if the Hollywood contingent and the Hilton executives wished to go. They went. For the rest of us there was nothing left but a tour of West Berlin which is receiving twenty-five refugees from the East every hour, and then East Berlin, the capital of the east state which has lost 10 per cent of its population since 1949. That morning as we rolled through the two Berlins *Pravda* was saying that "Western policy has turned West Berlin in a sort of cancerous tumor. If we do not remove it the danger of fairly unpleasant consequences may arise. Therefore, the Soviet Union has decided to perform a surgical operation to abolish the occupation status

"WHAT A DARLING WIDOW SHE WOULD MAKE!"



M-G-M presents

Leslie Caron · Dirk Bogarde

(the "Gigi" girl) (so handsome)

in

Bernard Shaw's

Wise, Witty and Wicked

"The Doctor's Dilemma"

with

ALASTAIR SIM

ROBERT MORLEY

in METROCOLOR

Costumes by CECIL BEATON

Produced by

ANATOLE de GRUNWALD

Directed by

ANTHONY ASQUITH

An M-G-M Release

NOW PLAYING

Trans-Lux 52nd on Lexington

PL 3-2434

Feature every day at: 12:15, 2:15, 4:15, 6:10, 8:10 and 10:10

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For extra Thrift Season savings

See Italy first

...with the popular

ITALIAN TOURIST ECONOMY PLAN

You'll be delighted by Italy's gentle, sunny climate . . superb scenery . . . wonderful winter sports . . her sparkling winter program of concerts, opera, social activities. And now your winter holiday in Italy costs less than ever, thanks to the thrifty

I.T.E. PLAN, OFFERED ONLY THROUGH TRAVEL AGENTS HERE IN THE U. S. BEFORE YOU LEAVE, IN EFFECT FROM NOVEMBER 1ST 1958 TO MARCH 15TH 1959.

The I.T.E. Plan provides a 20% reduction on ordinary rail and other transportation tickets . . . and saves you 10% on listed hotel, restaurant and night club bills.

See your Travel Agent now!

ENIT

ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE—E.N.I.T.

Palazzo d'Italia, 626 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

CHICAGO: 333 N. Michigan Ave.
NEW ORLEANS: International Trade Mart
SAN FRANCISCO: St. Francis Hotel

Freighter Voyages

Travel leisurely and comfortably.

Delight in the fascinating life of the sea without crowds or starched formality. Make your trip abroad one of adventure and romance.

Travel by modern spotless freighters.

Plan a freighter voyage to the exotic Far East. Visit the Philippine Islands, shop in Hongkong and Japan or cruise southward to romantic Brazil and the Argentine.

Enjoy luxurious single and double cabins all with private bath or showers. Sunny broad decks. Cheerful lounges. Superb food.

For genuine satisfaction, nothing equals *freighter travel. Enjoy the best.*

PHILIPPINE NATIONAL LINES—Philippine Service with a smile.

IVARAN LINES—True Norwegian hospitality.

New York via the Panama Canal and Los Angeles. San Francisco to Manila, Hongkong and Japan.

IVARAN LINES—Freighter yachts New York to Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo and Buenos Aires.

See your travel agent or write

Stockard Steamship Corp.
17 Battery Place
New York 4, N. Y.

AROUND the WORLD $1798 26th Year

Year-around departures. 11 superb escorted and independent tours from 30-160 days.

EUROPE	30 Days	$750
MEXICO	18 Days	$269
SO. AMER.	30 Days	$1099
ORIENT	45 Days	$998
SO. PACIFIC	54 Days	$2398
HOLY LAND	26 Days	$1385
AFRICA	40 Days	$1998

More than 300 off-the-beaten track trips for the budget minded!

STUDENT TOURS: Low-cost Adventure and Study Trips to "Everywhere." 60 Day European trips incl. steamer fr. $645.

"For the Young of all Ages"

Ask Your Travel Agent

SITA WORLD TRAVEL, INC. 545 5th Ave., New York 17 Dept. S. MU 2-6544

FREE! ABC'S of EUROPEAN AUTO TRAVEL

Over 250,000 in use. Invaluable information for auto-tourist. Includes facts and costs of *all* self-drive plans (purchase *and* rental) and which of all possible cars is best for *your* trip.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

AUTO-EUROPE® Inc.

NEW YORK: 25 W. 58th St., NY 19 PL 3-1752
CHICAGO: 153 E. Ohio St., Chi 11 MI 2-3211
L.A.: 268 S. Beverly Dr., Bev. Hills Cal. BR 2-2921

of Berlin. . . ." There followed another paragraph which seemed to be the key. It said, ". . . the Soviet Union cannot agree to the preservation of a situation in West Berlin which harms the legitimate interests of the Soviet state, its security and the security of other socialist countries." Berlin with its twenty-eight mile-long sector border, with its eighty-eight streets crossing the border, is impossible to seal from the East. With its sparkling cafes, its nightclubs, its shops jammed full of merchandise, its shining automobiles (one for every fifteen citizens), its hard currency, and now with its new hotel with 350 rooms, four restaurants and two bars, it was altogether too shining an example of the success of the capitalist system. One had only to take an elevator to the new roof-garden of the Hilton, pull up a chair around the circular wood-burning fireplace, order a carafe of wine (sixty cents) and look out through the glass walls to the glitter of lights and the darkness beyond. Where the pattern of lights stopped was where East Berlin began.

That night in the ballroom, which has room for 1,100 dining guests, the hotel revived one of the typical galas of prewar Germany, a *Fest im Schloss*, or Party in the Castle. The castle, in this case, was the new ballroom of the Berlin Hilton, transformed for three nights into a *Schloss*. Heralds called the guests to attention. A *Seneschall* robed in red velvet read out a proclamation. As we marched into the *Fest*, a German remarked to me that he hadn't seen the *Seneschall* since the same man had played the lead in an anti-West play performed with great success in East Germany. Then, while page-girls in skin-tight, powder-blue leotards poured the wine, and waiters fetched Berliner beer soup and *salmon lorelei* and venison, there were dancing gypsies and dancing bears, magicians and duelists. Once there was a standing ovation—when Willy Brandt walked in. The whole thing, less the movie stars and the mayor, was repeated for two nights thereafter when Berliners, dressed to the nines in yards of satin and silk, rustled into the Hilton at $25 a head.

By the next morning *Hausfrauen* in their gray felt hats pulled over their knotted buns were pressing their noses against the windows of the Coffee House which faces Budapesterstrasse. Some had ventured into the courtyard where the surrealist designs of a fountain, quiet now in the frost of Berlin's winter, dripped with icicles. In the Coffee House they could see the designs of the animals which had been executed in mosaics by the same firm which completed the mosaic memorial to the Soviet soldiers killed in the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

battle of Berlin which stands now in the "Garden of Memory" in East Berlin. In the good weather the tables would be spread outside under trees and diners and nibblers and coffee *Klatschers* could look through the panels, into the zoo next door. Even on the floor landings there are drawings of fey lions and perplexed birds, and in case anyone wanted to see the real thing, there is a separate entrance from the hotel's gardens into the zoo.

The crowds had already gathered in the colonnade of twenty-four shops that leads down the Budapesterstrasse from the hotel to the Aquarium, making a sort of natural connection between the Hilton, in its old embassy quarter, and the new Kurfürstendamm down the block. There were men's clothes to buy, with daringly pegged pants; Swiss watches at the handsome shop of Heinz Wipperfeld, almost as cheap as Switzerland; tickets to the outside world from the counters of Pan-American and TWA; hats and gloves, bags and scarves at the boutique set up by the KaDeWe, Berlin's big department store; German toys; and antiques for which Berlin had once been famous. In the lobby there is a Dutch flower shop that brings in exotic blooms from the hothouses of Holland each day by air, and alongside it, a beauty shop run by Parisians.

UPSTAIRS in the guest rooms there was television if you wanted it, a radio whether you wanted it or not, a dial telephone that would bring the maid, the valet, or breakfast in the morning (anything from croissants to apple pancakes with maple syrup). If you got a call while you were out a red light would burn on your phone. At anywhere from $5.50 to $50 a day you could have a single room or a Senator suite complete with a gold-covered double bed, a living-room decorated with oils and antiques, angels on the walls, a bar with illuminated city views, and out the window a long look into the darkness of East Berlin.

Said a tearful floormaid as the party packed up for home and Hollywood, "I know this is the last we will see of you. You will leave us here and the Russians will come." By then Coblentz was cabling Paris that "A limited air war with the Communists in the Allied air corridors over East Germany is not excluded as one of the developments that may grow out of the present East-West crisis over Berlin." It was Wednesday. The Berliners for the last time were partying in the *Schloss* and the first week of the six-month Russian ultimatum had almost run out. —HORACE SUTTON.

S. H. Adams

Continued from page 15

with a sharp sense of social responsibility. He frequently tried to appear crochety, irascible, and crusty, but the pose fooled nobody. Nobody could be more courtly with pretty women—and Adams was always surrounded by them. Nobody could be nicer to the young.

At night, Adams changed from his invariable white flannels and attended or gave a dinner party. He put great emphasis on protocol; everyone was expected to dress for dinner; place cards were always on the table. After an excellent dinner—Adams took great interest in food and wines—came bridge. Adams played with fierce concentration and brooked no chit-chat over the cards. Once, as the first hand was being dealt, a young woman who was visiting Adams said brightly: "My, it's so nice to be here!" Adams growled: "If you want to gossip, let somebody else play bridge." He was just as zealous a competitor at poker. In poker games, he wore a green eyeshade, of the type affected by newspaper copyreaders in his days on the *Sun*. He disdained "wild" games and insisted on orthodox draw poker.

Adams took politics seriously; he was a Democrat and a strong liberal. Yet he never got into political fights with his friends. In Auburn, his lifelong home, most of his friends were rich, highly conservative Republicans. In Beaufort, he always warned visiting Northerners to say nothing that would bother his Southern friends—who were passionately pro-segregationist. Adams never compromised a principle but he did make social compromises, and expected his friends to make them too.

He was a man totally without pretentiousness or vanity. He rarely talked about himself or his work; instead, he had an insatiable curiosity about the world he lived in and the interests and activities of his friends. He stayed young even in his eighties, partly because he surrounded himself with young people and partly because his enthusiasms were always current.

Last summer, when the Associated Press telephoned Adams at Wide Waters to ask for an interview, he sputtered: "What is this—a concealed obituary? I don't intend to die yet." Later, he remarked dryly: "I didn't know they remembered me."

It may fairly be written of Sam Adams, as he himself wrote of Alexander Woollcott, that "he will be longer remembered for what he was than for what he did."

The love story of the white missionary and the Eurasian soldier... under the China sky!

20th Century-Fox presents

BUDDY ADLER'S production

Ingrid Bergman
Curt Jurgens
Robert Donat

THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS

CINEMASCOPE
COLOR by DE LUXE

Directed by MARK ROBSON
Screenplay by ISOBEL LENNART

PARAMOUNT · PLAZA
Broadway & 43rd St. — 58th near Madison

FREE PARAMOUNT PARKING after 6 P.M. weekdays. All Day Sunday • Loubell Parking, 245 W. 41st St.

EUROPE

We'll see the usual, plus Africa to Sweden; Dublin to past the Iron Curtain. A different trip—for the young in spirit who want to be accompanied but not herded around. Also shorter trips. $685-$1340.

EUROPE SUMMER TOURS
255 Sequoia, Box B — Pasadena, California

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Please send the address at which copies are now being received, as well as the new address, when notifying us of an address change. Allow four weeks for the changeover. Include postal zone number, if any.

SATURDAY REVIEW
Circulation Department
25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HEAVENLY DISCOURSE

QUOTING THE EMINENT CRITICS OF TWO CONTINENTS
CONCERNING NINE ARTISTIC ACHIEVEMENTS
ON ANGEL RECORDS DURING 1958

[illegible] OF THE CENTURY

Of this unique series, *Roland Gelatt*, writing in *The Reporter*, said: "These recordings are the 'classics,' the peaks of musical achievement on discs. Angel Records deserves an expression of thanks for putting these performances back in circulation."

Included in the *Great Recordings* (Angel COL Series) are legendary performances of such great artists as: FRITZ KREISLER, CORTOT-THIBAUD-CASALS Trio, ADOLF BUSCH Chamber Orchestra, EDWIN FISCHER, NADIA BOULANGER, ARTUR SCHNABEL, SERGE PROKOFIEV, FEODOR CHALIAPIN, CLAUDIA MUZIO, ELISABETH SCHUMANN.

Coming in January: Four more albums in the Great Recordings Series—Pablo Casals plays Bach and Dvořák.

BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY No. 9 "Choral"

Otto Klemperer conducts the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus. Soloists: Hans Hotter, Aase Nordmo Lövberg, Christa Ludwig, Waldemar Kmentt. Also: "Egmont" Incidental Music. Birgit Nilsson, Soloist. 2 records

Angel Album 3577 B

"A magnificent sound fit to shake the earth...That this is a great performance—among the greatest ever put on record—seems to be unquestionable! Seldom has Beethoven's grand design emerged so convincingly...Klemperer has touched new heights and revealed new evidence of divine grace."

(*The Gramophone*, London)

[illegible] RIGOLETTO

Maria Meneghini Callas (Gilda), Giuseppe di Stefano (Duke), Tito Gobbi (Rigoletto), others. Orchestra and Chorus of *La Scala*, conducted by Tullio Serafin. **Angel 35518**

Of the presentation: "This selection gives as good an idea of Verdi's opera as can be compressed onto a single disk, even allowing us a characteristic chorus in the conspiratorial style..."

(*The Gramophone*, London)

Of the performances: "Callas' absolutely effective version of Gilda's famous aria (*Caro Nome*) ends with one of the most wonderfully executed trills that has ever been recorded..."

(*S.F. Chronicle*)

"Gobbi is a splendid Rigoletto...could hardly be bettered."

(*The Gramophone*)

"One of di Stefano's best recorded performances..."

(*N.Y. Herald Tribune*)

[illegible] DER MOND

Rudolf Christ, Hans Hotter, others. Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus, conducted by Wolfgang Sawallisch. With libretto. 2 records **Angel Album 3567 B/L**

"From the point of view of hi-fi sonics, this well may be the most stunning opera recording yet made. The music peculiarly favors the efforts of clever engineers, and Angel's set to work with a will. The performance is well-nigh flawless, with special praise owing to the young maestro (Sawallisch) and to the very human St. Peter of Hans Hotter."

(David Johnson, *High Fidelity*)

[illegible] ASHKENAZY: Piano

Prokofiev: Sonata No. 7
Rachmaninoff: Variations on a Theme by Corelli
Liszt: Mephisto Waltz No. 1 and Feux Follets **Angel 35647**

Ashkenazy, 21, now making his debut tour of the U.S., was introduced to American audiences through his Angel Records.

"Ashkenazy is a poet who never bangs, concentrating on a beautiful singing line. He has strength when strength is needed, but the main impression one gets from his playing on records is of plasticity, subtlety, and a beautifully regulated performance ...*Ashkenazy is an artist.*"

(Harold C. Schonberg, *N.Y. Times*)

[illegible] STRAUSS II: THE GYPSY BARON (Der Zigeunerbaron)

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Nicolai Gedda, Erich Kunz, others. Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus, conducted by Otto Ackermann. With libretto. 2 records **Angel Album 3566 B/L**

Selected as *Record of the Month* by *Music and Musicians* (London). "This glittering performance...is easily the most satisfying of the...recordings now available. Ackermann's idiomatic direction ensures an authentic lilt in the Philharmonia's rich-toned accompaniment. Schwarzkopf is in brilliant voice ...Gedda surpasses his previous achievements in this series. The recording is rich and finely balanced."

(David Hunt, *Music and Musicians*)

MOUSSORGSKY: Songs [illegible]

Boris Christoff, Bass 4 records **Angel Album 3575 D/L**
(with notes, texts, etc., in magnificent 84-page brochure)

"...a monumental work...(Christoff) can be proud of his latest achievement. Every song is presented with that perfection of delivery and understanding of the composer's intentions for which he has been acclaimed ever since he started his concert career...only a singer endowed with exceptional dramatic gifts can project the full meaning of Moussorgsky's ideas...In our generation, two men have been equipped with these qualities—Feodor Chaliapin and Boris Christoff."

(Victor Seroff, *Saturday Review*)

[illegible] BALLET

Complete Ballet. Royal Opera House Orchestra, Covent Garden. Yuri Fayer, Conductor. With illustrated book.
2 records **Angel Album 3583B**

"The performance under Fayer's exhilarating hand fairly breathes the atmosphere of the theatre...the recording has been extremely well done, and this is likely to remain the definitive *Giselle* for a very long time to come."

(Clive Barnes, *Records and Recordings*, London)

[illegible] DIE MEISTERSINGER VON NÜRNBERG (Complete)

Elisabeth Grümmer, Ferdinand Frantz, Rudolf Schock, Benno Kusche, Gerhard Unger, Gustav Neidlinger, Gottlob Frick, others. Chorus of Municipal Opera and German State Opera, Berlin; Choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Rudolf Kempe, Conductor.
5 records **Angel Album 3572 E/L**

"...delightful concord of all contributing elements...Angel's cast is an uncommonly strong one. Frantz is a towering Sachs ...Elisabeth Grümmer is a charming, vocally adroit Eva...Rudolf Schock is as good a Walther as one is likely to hear today. Add to the singers' impressive contribution the bewitching sounds of the Berlin Philharmonic that Kempe weaves around them ...the spirited, meticulous choral work in Act III—and the sum total is clearly a rare artistic achievement. Engineering superlative...Angel's visual presentation up to its high standard."

(George Jellineck, *Saturday Review*)

ANGEL

"Aristocrats of High Fidelity"

ANGEL RECORDS, NEW YORK CITY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Balanchine Jubilee—Copland, Tebaldi, Christoff

THE best piece of "new" music heard in the first week of December was the late Kurt Weill's "Seven Deadly Sins," written for Paris in 1933, and revived by its original choreographer, Georges Balanchine, on behalf of a double anniversary: the twenty-fifth year of his collaboration with Lotte Lenya, who again sang the principal role, and his tenth with the New York City Ballet, which sponsored the performance in the City Center.

Matched to Lenya's savorous, bitterly humorous and, in the end, tragic feeling for the English text derived by W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman from the German of Bert Brecht was the insinuating action of Allegra Kent in the part originally danced by Tilly Losch. In concept a kind of fairy tale, in which such places as Memphis, Los Angeles, and Philadelphia were as exotic as Smyrna or Calcutta, the action concerns the adventures of Annie on behalf of the family she left behind in Louisiana. While Lenya recited, verbally and vocally, the triumphs and sacrifices required to "get the money," Miss Kent transformed herself from innocent to trollop.

How much of his original choreography Balanchine retained only he could say; but he has, with or without change, succeeded remarkably in conveying what the atmosphere of "Ballets 1933" might have been like, with masks, stylized gestures, stereotypes derived from the silent films, and the expressionism that produced the ballets of Kurt Jooss. But always there is an artistic shape and contour imposed by his organizing mind on the loose ends of design which he gathers together. And, of course, the basic discipline is provided by Weill's still atmospheric score which builds, item by item, to a total effect equivalent to the house Annie builds, brick by brick, for her family in Louisiana. These were artfully impersonated by Staley Carlso as the basso "mother," Gene Hollman as the father, and Frank Poretta and Grant Williams as the brothers. Robert Irving deserves a special compliment for his enlivening direction of the score.

THE kind of clarification Leonard Bernstein can bring to music for which he has precisely the right kind of feeling was sharply revealed in two recent Philharmonic performances of works by Aaron Copland: the "Music for the Theatre" and "Variations." Aside from using a better balanced orchestra than Serge Koussevitzky when he first performed it, somewhat inconclusively, in 1926, Bernstein applied a more perceptive eye, and ear, a keener rhythmic and tonal sense.

What emerged, particularly, were the self-identifying traits of Copland, from the opening trumpet fanfare to the quietly artistic concluding pages. Bernstein also showed that Copland was no mere intellectual *aficionado* of jazz, but one with a real sense of its excitement and color values. A proper marking of the offbeat accents in the "Dance" made a new thing of its purpose, as the fanciful touch at the end of the "Burlesque" did there also.

The new form of the trailblazing "Variations for Piano" of 1931 made for equally absorbing if less compelling listening. The impact of the original had much to do with the interpretative challenge it provided to the performer, the sense of contest and conquest it embodied. This element is, of course, absent in the orchestrated version, which piles a good deal of sonority onto a rather sparse framework of musical idea. In addition it tends to fill in too many apertures which, originally, defined the structure itself. The program began with a D minor concerto of Vivaldi with the oboe solo beautifully played by Harold Gomberg, and ended with the C minor concerto of Beethoven with Claudio Arrau.

ANOTHER work of Copland served a purpose of clarification in the same time span, though it had more to do with the performer, Byron Janis, than it had to do with the work, the sonata for piano. Janis, in effect, took it apart and put it together again, integrating its figures and rhythms as though they had been written for him. This was all to the good as far as it went, but one expected more in the preceding Mozart (G major sonata), which was awkward and overstressed, Schubert (E flat Impromptu), and Chopin. Janis seemed to regard Schubert as an exercise in finger facility, and Chopin (D flat Nocturne, two etudes, and B flat minor sonata) as an occasion for virtuosity.

BY combining a pair of old favorites, Renata Tebaldi and Richard Tucker, in a new cast for "Manon Lescaut," Rudolf Bing made this earliest of occasionally performed Puccini works more of a vocal treat than it has been at the Metropolitan since the Krayon production was introduced in 1949. A new part here for Miss Tebaldi, Manon affords much that is vocally grateful to her, though she is sizable for the "bella donina" ("beautiful dainty one") described in the text, and does not dissemble her dimensions as well as she did in the recent "Butterfly." She also tends to pour on vocal fuel when the flame needs but to glow rather than blaze, with typical results as the Metropolitan shock market is currently pegged. There was more finesse on the male side, with Tucker using his lovely sound considerately, toward a romantic illusion that lingers in the ear even if it doesn't beguile the eye. Frank Guarrera's conversion into a character baritone continued with his well-sung, promisingly-acted Lescaut, and Ezio Flagello's Geronte disguised his youth effectively without reducing the appeal of his vigorous voice. Fausto Cleva showed an encouraging disposition to keep the music flowing at minimum delay for applause, but Herbert Graf's stage direction was nothing more than workmanlike.

THERE was much to admire and a good deal to enjoy in the concert performance of Rossini's "Moses" by the American Opera, under the direction of Arnold Gamson in Carnegie Hall. First, of course, was the drama-charged "melodramma sacro" itself, with a lofty kind of expression not associated with Italian opera prior to middle-period Verdi, second, the work of a variable cast headed by Boris Christoff.

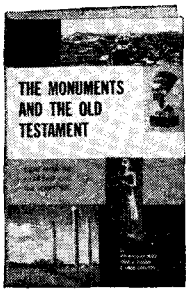
Discussion of the work and its principal performer must proceed together, for what he accomplished was closely related to what Moses was called upon to do. Much of the latter, in Rossini's view, related to dramatic declamation, for which Christoff provided vigorous, if sometimes rather strained, utterance. His voice is substantial rather than overwhelming, and he tends to drive it; but from the middle of Act II on it had fine pliance and flexibility. It is a paradox for a man of his dramatic skills to make a New York debut in white tie and tails, but he should be heard in the only proper arena—the Metropolitan—soon and often. There was, otherwise, no outstanding performer in the surrounding cast, the strong-voiced singers—such as Gloria Davy and Jon Crain—lacking finesse, and the artful ones—Jennie Tourel and Norman Scott—wanting in vocal strength. Debria Brown showed vocal quality and promising artistry in the role of Maria.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

$6.75

THE MONUMENTS AND THE OLD TESTAMENT



...THE PAGEANTRY OF ANCIENT KINGS AND MIGHTY NATIONS LONG BURIED

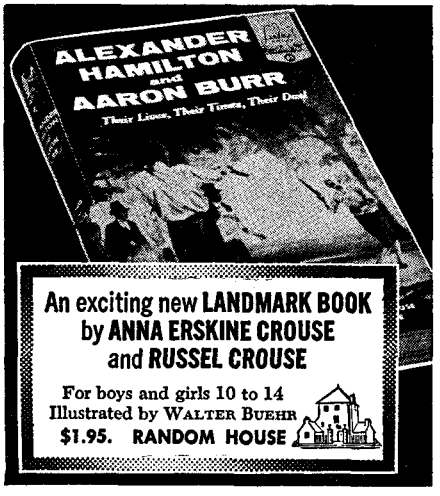
A child's toy, decorated cosmetic pots from a woman's cherished possessions, clay tablets with household accounts inscribed on them . . . humble homes and entire palaces emerging from the dust of ages to bring to life the people, places and incidents of Old Testament history.

Drs. Ira M. Price, Ovid R. Sellers and ***E. Leslie Carlson*** are three distinguished archaeologists with a distinct flair for writing. This rare combination of talents has resulted in a book that is hard to put down. Contemporary in style, generously illustrated, it adjusts many past archaeological errors and re-substantiates known facts. A readable, informative book.

Available at your local bookstore or

THE JUDSON PRESS
Philadelphia 3, Pa.

jp



An exciting new LANDMARK BOOK
by ANNA ERSKINE CROUSE
and RUSSEL CROUSE

For boys and girls 10 to 14
Illustrated by WALTER BUEHR
$1.95. RANDOM HOUSE

WHY ANTS ARE AGAINST the U. S.
and Other Sketches
by Louis Chayka

". . . *wry humor . . . stinging wit . . .*"
Detroit News
". . . *sparkling with whimsy . . .*"
Los Angeles Herald
"*Delightful, witty satire . . .*"
Baton Rouge (La.) Advocate

Slashing away at our "everyday" world **$2.50**

PAGEANT PRESS, Inc., 101 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 3

Coming Jan. 10, 1959
World Travel Calendar Issue

Faith . . .

Continued from page 21

casm from his irony the author confesses that while the current religious search "operates within the frame of acceptability" it is at least "capable of leavening and molding acceptability."

Special observations are made of accents in the present-day religious groups upon mental health, healing, and the arts, and upon such responsibilities facing these groups as are posed by race conflict, delinquency, and the threat of a shift in the axis of world power from the West to the East. "The need again," he says (and the book is an invitation to responsibility), "is to seek a source of meaning for creative assertion, and religiously there is probably no other way except that of discipline, prayer, learning, contemplation, and the discovery of greater meaning through action."

V. Give-and-Take

"Religion in America: Original Essays on Religion in a Free Society," edited by John Cogley *(Meridian. 288 pp. $1.45), offers the substance of the Seminar on Religion in a Free Society sponsored last May by The Fund for the Republic. The significance of the symposium is discussed below by Robert McAfee Brown, associate professor of Systematic Theology at Union Theological Seminary.*

By Robert McAfee Brown

THE deliberations of many seminars in the past have been preserved in print, for reasons which are often difficult to fathom. But there need be no questions raised about the wisdom of preserving, for a wider audience than the hundred or so who originally heard them, the papers which make up the symposium under discussion. For here we have the initiation of a process which desperately needs to permeate the whole of American society: namely, responsible and reflective discussion by men conversing about issues on which they profoundly disagree, on which they will not find basic agreement, and yet concerning which it is essential, for the health of a free society, that they engage in honest, face-to-face give-and-take.

The issues are posed by the fact that America is a "pluralistic" society, and yet that within that society

52 weekly reminders

of your thoughtfulness and good taste

The Christmas spirit lasts all year long when you give the SATURDAY REVIEW. Everyone on your list receives a new and exciting "package" *each week*—filled with the most entertaining, informative reading in America.

Your good taste is reflected the moment your friends receive the SATURDAY REVIEW's handsome gold and green gift card—specially designed and engraved by Tiffany's—and signed in your name.

So use the coupon below *today* to enter gifts at special Christmas rates that save you $2.00 on every subscription after the first. Include your own subscription, new or renewal, too—*you* deserve a present for getting your Christmas shopping out of the way so easily and economically!

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT RATES

First 1 one-year subscription (Your own or gift) $7

Each additional subscription $5

The above rates apply to the United States and its possessions. For Canadian subscriptions, please add $1.00; all other foreign, $2.00.

The SATURDAY REVIEW
25 West 45th St., New York 36, N.Y.

Please send the SATURDAY REVIEW for one year to the following:

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ **Zone**____ **State**____
Gift card should read "from_____**"**

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ **Zone**____ **State**____
Gift card should read "from_____**"**

MY OWN NAME IS

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ **Zone**____ **State**____

☐ Please include my own subscription
☐ New ☐ Extension
I enclose $____ ☐ Bill me

12-20

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there are religious faiths which make final, and irreconcilable, claims for themselves. At whatever points they agree, Catholics and Protestants and Jews and "secularists" also have basic disagreements. If one of them is right, the others are wrong. How, then, can the adherents of these groups peacefully co-exist in a pluralistic society?

Chapters are devoted to some of the areas where divisiveness seems to rule the day. There are treatments of the increasingly thorny problem of "church and state" (Leo Pfeffer and Wilbur G. Katz), of "the school question" (Will Herberg and James Hastings Nichols), of problems of censorship (Stringfellow Barr), of the religious-secular dialogue (Walter J. Ong). And when mention is made of the other contributors (John Courtney Murray, Reinhold Niebuhr, Gustave Weigel, Abraham Heschel, and Paul Tillich), it becomes clear that the editor has had the signal wisdom to include representatives of widely divergent poles of opinion.

THE VALUE of the volume is that it brings to the surface the basic points of disagreement. As Fr. Murray says in a brilliant initial essay, "We hold certain truths; therefore we can argue about them." And as he also says, "Among us there is a plurality of universes of discourse. These universes are incommensurable."

What, then, are sane, literate, concerned people to do? The rest of the volume is an extended example of two suggestions which the first essay proposes. Recognizing that there is going to be no uniform consensus, two things can nevertheless be done: the warfare can be limited and the dialogue can be enlarged. The inestimable value of this book is that it illustrates how the dialogue can be enlarged when the warfare is limited to essentials. The writers would probably agree that it is no more than a prologue to the intensive discussion America still has to wage with itself. But it is the kind of prologue which will be the indispensable key for the unlocking of all future doors.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

(10) Acts 17:34. (13) Esther 2:7 (1) Luke 2:36. (22) Luke 3:1. (7) Esther 1:10. (4) Acts 12:20. (19) Acts 12:13. (3) I Chr. 4:18. (24) I Chr. 6:28. (23) I Sam. 1:1. (5) Ezekiel 1:3. (12) I Kings 16:31. (9) Luke 2:2. (21) Isa. 20:1. (2) Jer. 40:14. (18) Acts 6:5. (6) Acts 8:27. (17) Acts 14:12. (25) I Chr. 2:33. (14) Zech. 6:14. (8) Luke 8:3. (11) Rom. 16:23. (16) Luke 3:1. (20) Acts 5:1. (15) Luke 8:3.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates per insertion 45¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 37¢ per word; 26 times 39¢ per word; 13 times 41¢ per word; 6 times 43¢ per word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

TYPING, professional. Peggy Sweet, 424 Madison Ave., NYC. PLaza 8-2740.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, all forms. Theses, books, plays, MSS. Delivery all publishers. WRITERS SERVICE, 10 East 43 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-5159.

PROFESSIONAL LIBRARIAN, MS Columbia, will do research for authors, editors and educators on part-time or full-time basis. North Central Ohio preferred. Undergraduate degree in art history, minor in English literature. Present employment in technical research (engineering). Box G-356.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY TYPED. Tape recordings transcribed. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1394 Third Ave. (at 79th St.), NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177.

ELSIE AUGENBLICK—Manuscript typing: Books, Plays. 342 Madison, NYC. MUrray Hill 7-0492.

LOS ANGELES—Manuscripts, theses, professionally typed. Pickup. Delivery. EVEREADY, Madison 6-5421.

SUPERIOR TYPING—Books, Plays, etc. LEAHEY'S, Seven Park Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

BOOKS

THE PAPERBACK BOOKSELLER—"If it's bound in paper—we're bound to have it." 147 Front Street, Hempstead, N.Y. We pay postage.

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, etc. Send for catalogues. Established 1920. ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12 St., NYC 3.

FOYLES FAMOUS BOOKSHOP. NEW, secondhand, rare and out-of-print books on all subjects. Stock of over three million volumes. One of England's biggest collections of fine bindings. 119-125 Charing Cross Road, London WC-2, England.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—ALL SUBJECTS. Catalogue free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Box 1-S, Wantagh, N. Y.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF SCHOLARLY BOOKS—literature, etc. Catalogues issued. PYETELL'S BOOKSHOP, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham, N. Y.

SOCIALIST BOOKS. Catalogue, literature, FREE. NEW YORK LABOR NEWS COMPANY, Dept. C, 61 Cliff St., NYC 38.

TWO JANUARY SALES. Exceptionally fine limited editions club, Grabhorn, Nash, Book club of California Books. Catalogue. California Book Auction, 1228 Sutter, San Francisco 9.

LITERARY PRIZES

NEW MACMILLAN FICTION AWARD—$7,500 for winning novel between 50,000 and 200,000 words. Contest closes March 31, 1959. For Official Rules, write Fiction Award Editor, The Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue. New York's French bookshop where French books are sold exclusively. Mail-order catalogue 40¢.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

ITALIAN PERIODICALS. Italian Publishers, Times Tower, New York 36.

FRENCH PERIODICALS. European Publishers, 1007 Times Tower, New York 36.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE—scores of beautiful designs. Address Bookplates, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

HOBBIES

FREE 103 British Colony Stamps. Approvals. Enclose 10¢ for handling. Niagastamp, St. Catherines 682 Ontario.

FOR THE GOURMET

VIA APPIA. Excellent coffees, occasionally poems. 353 Bleeker St., NYC.

FROM FOIE GRAS TO CREPES SUZETTE. Write for catalogue to "Les Echolottes," 706-E, Lafayette Street, Paramus, New Jersey.

LANGUAGES

AT HOME you relax and learn to speak French, Spanish, German, Russian, Japanese, Modern Greek—any of 34 languages available with Linguaphone, The World's Standard Conversational Method. Complete Recorded Courses on FREE trial. Phone CIrcle 7-0829 for FREE book, FREE trial: No obligation. FREE lesson in our studio. Open daily including Saturday. Linguaphone Institute, South Mezzanine, 54 RCA Building, New York 20.

MOST FOREIGN LANGUAGES: Manuals, records, self-instruction courses: also Popular Encyclopedias. AUREA, Central Valley, N. Y.

RECORD MART

RECORDERS (ENGLISH FLUTES) KUENG Swiss import, also Dolmetsch, Purcell and Barenreiter. Baroque (English fingering), $3.95, $5, $6.50 up. Recorder music and methods, contrabass recorders, spinets, Sperrhake harpsichords. Free catalogues 3-94-A. HARGAIL, 147 West 57 St., NYC.

GREEK MYTHS FOR CHILDREN. The exciting stories of: Echo, Narcissus, Baucis and Philemon, Arachne, Perseus. 33⅓ 12" LP. A Christmas gift children will always remember. 20 coloring pictures included. $4.40 ppd. Estes Enterprises, 660 Colorado St., Claremont 3, California.

RARE RECORDS sold, lowly priced. Free list. Collections bought. E. HIRSCHMANN, P.O. Box 155A, Verona, New Jersey.

OUT-OF-PRINT

LOCATED FREE! Any book! Send "wants." AARDVARKS Booksearchers, Fredonia, Pa.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it! CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Ill.

TAINTER'S CHICK BOOKSHOP, TEMPLE, N. H. Books on anything and everything: Try our search service for that certain book.

CAN'T GET IT? We'll find it and fast. Beacon Hill Booksellers, 15 Lindall Place, Boston, Mass.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

WE CAN FIND the book you want. Queens Books, P.O. Box 188, L.I.C. 4, N.Y.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT! Prices surprisingly low! INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

JOHN FRIEND, BOOKFINDER, can get the books you want. Free Search Service. Box 2570R, Long Beach 1, California.

ART

FRIENDLY little Art School in quaint TAXCO offers bilingual teachers, individual instruction, inexpensive living. Write for brochure. TAXCO SCHOOL OF ART, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico.

PAINTINGS AT COUNTRY PRICES. Grosz, Dehn lithos, etc. Vera Lazuk Gallery, Cold Springs Harbor, Long Island.

CANADIAN COLLECTOR wishes purchase paintings: Canadian Scenes by KRIEGHOFF; send small photographs if possible, W. R. Watson: 482 Strathcona Avenue, Montreal.

FOR THE MAN WHO HAS NOTHING—Give him lithographs and etchings by Picasso, Rouault, Chagall and Renoir. FAR Gallery, 746 Madison, NYC 21 (64-65 St.)

WHY MEXICO? . . . Join American colony studying arts, crafts, Spanish, Creative Writing . . . Beginners, professionals . . . MFA . . . Room, board, from $60 monthly in Mexico's most beautiful colonial town . . . illustrated prospectus? INSTITUTO ALLENDE, Box 6, San Miguel Allende, Guanajato, Mexico.

OLD AND MODERN PRINTS. Most fabulous collection. Old Print Center. Phyllis Lucas Director. Trade member National Society of Interior Designers. 161 East 52 Street, NYC.

INVESTMENTS

5% INSURED SAVINGS. Also list 50 highest rate Federal Agency insured savings and loan associations gratis. Last notice! Investor Service, 11 West 42nd, LAckawanna 4-7665, NYC.

(Continued on page 42)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

WITH THIS ISSUE. A New Format, etc: A Review of General Semantics in the convenient pocket size. Articles by Anatol Rapoport on General Semantics and by S. I. Hayakawa on Communication. This issue $1.00—free with subscription order $4.00 a year. Write Dept. 23, 400 West North Avenue, Chicago 10, Illinois.

WRITER-EDITOR, experienced writing, re-writing, editing, interviews, book-planning—wants 3-4 day week. Young $20-25 day. Box G-350.

JOBS WANTED: Young couple, college degrees—English, Drama; prefer interesting job or not time consuming, leaving time to write. Available February 1. Huffsticklers, 413 13th St., Levelland, Texas.

BULL FIGHT POSTERS. Large 27" x 36". Colorful, exciting action of the Bull Fight. $3.00 pair. Howard's Products, 12207 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 25, California.

PHILADELPHIAN, highly intelligent, widely read, but no degrees. Fears entropy at typist level; desires position consonant with abilities. Box G-353.

MEXICO TODAY, by John Crow, Harper. Ideal Christmas gift for visitors. One of "best books of year," says New York Times.

QUALIFIED PIANO INSTRUCTOR WANTED. $5.00 lesson. Queens; Manhattan. Box G-368.

CINEMATOGRAPHER SEEKS ASSOCIATE for making adventure movie. Involves travel. Writing, photographic abilities desired. Box G-367.

I, 28, with MA Literature, drama, desire creative position. Box G-365.

TRACE YOUR ANCESTORS. Official Record Searcher will undertake genealogical research in Eastern England, for moderate fee. Mrs. Philps, The Maltings, Beccle, Suffolk, England.

RECORDERS make perfect Christmas presents. Records, music too. Free catalogues. Recorder Center, Amenia, New York.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment! Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 515 Madison Avenue, NYC 22. ELdorado 5-3464.

CHARMING GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive singles and doubles. Newly decorated. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South. NYC. Transients from $3.50. Moderate weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

FAMILY ARMS—English, Scotch, Irish, European. Write M'Wethy, St. Johnsville, N.Y.

LEARN WHILE FALLING ASLEEP! Exciting details free. Sleep Learning Research Association, Box 24-J, Olympia, Washington.

NEW FROM ENGLAND! Bookbinding kits for paperbacks. Makes hard-cover volumes in minutes. Six bindings. $1.96. BIND-YOUR-OWN, Box E-877.

ABSOLUTELY highest quality professional double weight enlargements at dealers prices. 5 x 7, 32¢; 8 x 10, 39¢; 11 x 14, 85¢. No extra charge for cropping or dodging. New negative from your photo 60¢; minimum order $1.00. 25% discount on Kodacolor processing. KODACHROME DEVELOPING BY KODAK. 20% discount. Foto Portrait Co., 1174 Ogden Avenue, New York City 52.

MATURE YOUNG COUPLE wanted to create home for ten troubled teen-agers. Challenging work; congenial associates; beautiful country setting mid-state New York. Unique coed community combining academic, vocational and civic education with professional help on adjustment problems. Box F-826.

ANALYSIS AT HOME. Free details. Full cost $10. Recorded method. Freedom Records, Box 3065-L, Hollywood 28, California.

SEEK COLLEGE GRADUATE, liberal arts background. Interesting work, nice salary. Box G-184.

IS THERE A HIGHLY EDUCATED SAN FRANCISCAN, 30-40 who could help occasionally with light research and typing of MS about San Francisco. Box G-362.

EXPERIENCED COUPLE want temporary employment—February 15-March 31. Palm Beach vicinity. Husband-chauffeur, wife-housemaid, ladies maid. Excellent references. Box G-357.

EXPERIENCED RESEARCH TEAM wants research, translations, editing, writing, clipping. Fluent French, German, Italian, Russian. Knowledge almost all fields. Box G-358.

BOOKKEEPER, female, 46, seeks position on Florida coast. Box G-359.

PERSONALS

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED for couple in Manhattan apartment. Best references. Box G-346.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd. 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, statesmen, scientists, military leaders, musicians, etc. Correspondence or single items bought and sold. Established 1887. Catalogue on request. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 18 East 77 St., NYC 21. REgent 4-3902.

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS—economical, insured household moving. Vans, station wagons. Any day, any time. The Padded Wagon, ALgonquin 5-8343 (NYC).

FINE GUITARS. The world famous "HOFNER" Concert Classic and Folk Guitars from West Germany. From $175 to $45. Also any other fine new or old guitars and lutes. Shipped anywhere on 5 day approval. Write for particulars, LOCKER's Fine Musical Instruments, 21 S. 18 St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. Hess Repairs, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS, VIRGINALS designed and made by Eric Herz. Write or visit the shop: Shaker Village, Harvard, Mass. Telephone Ayer, SPruce 2-2212.

YOU CAN FIND OUT! Confidential information developed any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Officially licensed. Established 1922. Equitable Service Bureau, 15 Maiden Lane, NYC.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent

SOUTHWESTERN ranch home, 8 acres, 15 minutes from city center. Mountain view, all conveniences, completely furnished. January through April. Box 6216. Tucson, Arizona.

STORRS, CONNECTICUT. Furnished house, new, 3 bedrooms, 1 mile from University campus, February 1 to August 31. $125 month, T. F. Lindley.

For Sale

SMALL HOUSE IN ESSEX, CONNECTICUT. About 1820. Structurally sound, needs some remodeling. Centrally located on quiet street. First Floor: Hall, Living Room with fireplace, Den, Dining Room, Kitchen, Bedroom and Bath. Second Floor: 3 small Bedrooms. Price $16,000. THE SPARRE AGENCY, INC., ESSEX, CONNECTICUT. SOuth 7-8289.

COLONIAL ON HILL, Stockbridge, Mass. Magnificent views, 5 lovely acres, authentic Colonial, excellent condition. Fireplaces, original woodwork, hardware. Center hall, 5 bedrooms, handsome living, sitting, dining and game rooms, studio and servants' quarters. Adaptable all year. More land available. $35,000. F. M. Myers, Attorney, North Street, Pittsfield, Mass.

A PLACE IN THE SUN. Not just any place, mind you, but a fully equipped home for gracious living in Montego Bay, Jamaica. Five bedrooms, complete with staff car, club membership and garden. From December 15 to January 15; March 1 through the summer. For further details, call Hamlin Travel Ltd., St. Regis Hotel, PLaza 9-3751, NYC.

APARTMENTS FOR SUBLET

JANUARY 15-APRIL 15. ONE ROOM, fully furnished. Apartment for 1-2. Quiet neighborhood, good building near park, theatres. Kitchen, bath, shower. $125 month. MUrray Hill 8-3523, extension 40. NYC.

VACATIONS

NOTHING TO OFFER BUT GRACIOUS LIVING. Hotel Wyoming in Beautiful Orlando, Florida. Located in a spacious tropical park with wide verandas making out-of-doors living a delight. Hotel Wyoming offers every opportunity to enjoy Central Florida and the unsurpassed winter climate to the fullest. Quiet cultural atmosphere. American plan. Write for full color brochure. Box 3707, Orlando 1, Florida.

PELICAN COVE—in unspoiled Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, fishing, shelling, skindiving, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada, Florida.

Superb housekeeping cottages, garden apartments. CAPISTRANO-HARRINGAY, SMITHS PARISH, BERMUDA.

VACATIONS

BERMUDA COTTAGES, 2 or 3-bedroom private housekeeping cottages for families, intimate studios for couples. Beautifully furnished, all have living room, bath, kitchen, fireplace, telephone and radio. Private maid does your housekeeping. Beach & club privileges. Rates as low as $185 month including all utilities. November thru February. Other months daily rates apply. Write: Bermuda Cottages, Paget, Bermuda.

SELECT YACHTS for Caribbean charter parties; also boats for sale. BLUE WATER CRUISES, Box 748, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

CORTEZ, FLORIDA—On beautiful Sarasota Bay, artists', writers', educators' mecca. American Plan as little as $40 per week, single. Brochure and rates. ALBION INN.

ALENCIA HOTEL, St. Augustine, Florida. Enjoy homelike atmosphere, old-world charm in the nation's oldest city.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, Old Lyme, Conn. Open all year.

TUCSON, ARIZONA, IS UNIQUE: Winter sun, dry climate, theaters, concerts, historical interests. WILMOT INN provides swimming pool, beautiful gardens, friendliness. Exceptional food, Marine Dining Room, Patio rooms—European or American plan. 330 S. Wilmot.

BLUEBERRY HILL! WINTER! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. Brandon, Vermont.

SEEKING ATMOSPHERE? Cherry Grove plantation. Write, read, loaf. Route 1, Box 421, Natchez, Mississippi.

TRAVEL

EXPEDITION FOR BOYS. Exploring and collecting in mountains and canyons of American Southwest by young naturalists, journalists, and photographers. Staff known in school, camp, and museum circles. 31st year. Also a group for girls. Hillis L. Howie, 534 Woodleaf Court, St. Louis 22, Missouri.

EUROPE $195! That's all it costs for unusual summer program at Universities of Madrid, Florence or Vienna. Full month July or August includes accommodations, meals, tuition, courses in languages, art, painting, music, dance, many other features. EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL ASSOCIATION, 554 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

EUROPE 1959. ECONOMY TOURS By Ship: "Grand"—77 days, 18 countries, $1,245. "Standard"—55 days, 13 countries, $1,025. By air: "Grand"—63 days, 19 countries, $1,337. "Standard"—43 days, 13 countries, $1,095. Italy, Britain, Scandinavia in all itineraries. Frequent departures June, July. Prices include trans-Atlantic passage, luxury motorcoach transportation, hotels, meals, sightseeing, entertainment. Expertly conducted. DITTMAN TRAVEL ORGANIZATION, NORTHFIELD, MINNESOTA.

IF THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD . . . and much too expensive, try Beekman Tower Hotel, overlooking United Nations and East River, minutes from mid-town in exclusive Beekman Hill, featuring most marvelous view in all Manhattan, Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge, Elbow Room Bar, Grand Ballroom and other function rooms. 49th Street at East River, New York 17. Write for folder R.

TEPOZTLAN, a primitive Aztec village, off the beaten track, unspoiled by tourism. A climate incomparable, luxurious accommodations, excellent food. American management, reasonable rates, 20 minutes from Cuernavaca. 1½ hours from Mexico City. Free brochure. POSADA DEL TEPOZTECO, Tepoztlan, Morelos, Mexico.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

EUROPE. 1959 Summer Tours: 38-60 days in Europe. 11-18 countries. Via ship and air (new Pan-American JETS). Also Special YOUTH TOUR. From $1,045 to $1,375. Write: Prof. L. Knecht, Director, KNIGHT TOURS (S.R.). Box 350, Northfield, Minnesota.

COLLEGE STUDENTS TO RUSSIA. Comprehensive travel adventure unequalled, exploring Soviet Union from Leningrad and Moscow to Sochi in the Caucasus visiting 14 USSR cities plus daylight travel through rural Russia. Black Sea cruise. Directed by American leaders, includes also Scandinavia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, European capitals. Only $1,697 from New York for 2½ months abroad. Three departures, June, 1959. Limited membership. For brochure Write Maupintours, 101 Park Avenue, New York City.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC.

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1291

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Showy; attracting attention by gaudiness.	112 41 193 86 139 58
B. Busily, energetically quick.	79 170 101 25 114 36
C. Offer evidence in disproof.	203 27 3 194 134
D. Marshal of France, 1870, relieved of his command for shocking unpreparedness of the troops.	90 61 168 146 140 13 76
E. Person skilled in one of the fine creative pursuits.	89 4 118 113 182 175
F. State of being unwilling.	51 117 71 60 108 100 39 200
G. Dislike with intense antipathy.	179 83 136 44 23 9
H. Manner in which (something is done; 2 wds.).	184 150 52 40 192 67
I. Disease of Lima beans which attacks the seeds within the pods (2 wds.).	178 169 132 19 106 198 46 125 116
J. Twelve inches broad (comp.).	141 183 160 47 123 180 157 2
K. See Word U.	38 109 201 72 98 189 43
L. Envelop again.	14 185 173 131 162 33 199 8 105
M. Secret, marine hitchhiker.	195 186 158 1 22 148 197 48

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. California river which contains both the Hetch Hetchy and Don Pedro reservoirs.	129 6 142 196 151 26 166 81
O. Arm of the Atlantic receiving rivers from the Susquehanna to the James, inclusive.	15 153 115 103 171 35 122 202 29 149
P. Altitude measurement of a horse (2 wds.).	97 28 42 181 74 145 18 7 187
Q. Holding.	143 78 24 30 128 130 68 156 65
R. Without peer; matchless (3 wds.; current slang).	75 107 82 163 137 31 45 94 121 110
S. Last effort; final artistic achievement (2 wds.).	63 126 50 87 92 11 55 152
T. Revered because of age (comp.).	155 188 161 174 49 64 133 135 17 177 56
U. Followed by Word K, what the face of a patriotic son of Erin displays (2 wds.).	147 127 34 111 191
V. Immediately upon viewing (3 wds.).	70 37 10 176 84 62 73 167 124 99
W. Closely fitted to the figure.	53 85 102 95 57 165 190 119 154
X. Space, as in the middle of summer (2 wds.).	69 144 120 21 93
Y. Small craft to be propelled by oars.	80 5 77 104 138 54 20
Z. Moral attitudes of a community.	59 96 16 66 159
Z¹. Macbeth said the person who cried this word should be damned.	91 32 12 172 88 164

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 M	2 J		3 C	4 E	5 Y	6 N	7 P	8 L	9 G		10 V	11 S		12 Z¹	13 D	14 L
	15 O	16 Z	17 T	18 P	19 I	20 Y	21 X	22 M	23 G	24 Q	25 B	26 N	27 C		28 P	
29 O	30 Q	31 R	32 Z¹		33 L	34 U	35 O	36 B	37 V	38 K	39 F	40 H		41 A	42 P	43 K
	44 G	45 R	46 I	47 J	48 M		49 T	50 S	51 F	52 H	53 W		54 Y	55 S	56 T	
57 W	58 A	59 Z		60 F	61 D	62 V	63 S	64 T	65 Q		66 Z	67 H		68 Q	69 X	
70 V	71 F	72 K		73 V	74 P		75 R	76 D		77 Y	78 Q		79 B	80 Y	81 N	
82 R	83 G	84 V	85 W	86 A	87 S	88 Z¹		89 E		90 D	91 Z¹	92 S	93 X	94 R	95 W	
96 Z	97 P	98 K	99 V		100 F	101 B		102 W	103 O		104 Y	105 L	106 I	107 R	108 F	109 K
	110 R	111 U		112 A	113 E	114 B	115 O		116 I	117 F		118 E	119 W	120 X	121 R	122 O
	123 J	124 V	125 I		126 S	127 U	128 Q	129 N		130 Q	131 L	132 I	133 T		134 C	135 T
	136 G	137 R	138 Y	139 A	140 D		141 J	142 N	143 Q		144 X	145 P	146 D	147 U		148 M
149 O		150 H	151 N	152 S	153 O	154 W		155 T	156 Q		157 J	158 M		159 Z	160 J	161 T
162 L	163 R	164 Z¹	165 W	166 N	167 V		168 D	169 I	170 B	171 O	172 Z¹	173 L	174 T		175 E	176 V
177 T	178 I		179 G	180 J	181 P		182 E	183 J	184 H	185 L	186 M	187 P	188 T	189 K	190 W	
191 U	192 H	193 A		194 C	195 M		196 N	197 M	198 I	199 L		200 F	201 K	202 O	203 C	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 5 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WORLD OVER

KLM

ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

"Can't I go, too?"

HUSBAND: "To Europe? But this is business . . . besides, we're not *that* rich!"

WIFE: "You can save $300 on my ticket if we fly KLM."

HUSBAND: "That so?"

WIFE: "And the same for each of the children."

HUSBAND: "Sounds good, but what about . . ."

WIFE: "And we can see lots of cities over there — free!"

HUSBAND: "Mmmmm . . ."

P.S. She went. First Class, too. Why don't *you* find out all about KLM family fares to Europe – including the substantial Economy Class savings? Remember, KLM features non-stop DC-7C service from New York, one stop from Houston.

KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, 430 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED